WINTER NUMBER, 1932/33

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THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FOR DICKENS LOVERS

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AND OTHER ARTICLES

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Daily during December

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See pages 1 and 36 of this issue.

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*6. The Bull Inn, Rochester.
*7. The George Inn, Salisbury.
*8. St. George's Church, Borough.
*9. The White Horse, Ipswich.
*10. The Maypole Inn, Chigwell.
*11. The Study at Gads Hill.

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VOL. XXIX. WINTER 1932-33 No. 225

Border by [*Ruth Whittaker*

A Matter for Pride. In the course of a generous appreciation of this magazine in " The Sunday Times " a few weeks ago that eminent *Littérateur*, Mr. E. V. Lucas, wrote : "*This is a monument if you like ; the continued prosperity of this periodical is a finer testimony to the glory and honour of its subject than any bronze or marble could be.*"

Unfortunately, there are still a few thousand members of the Dickens Fellowship who do not read their magazine ; indeed, I venture to suggest that they even do not know of its existence, since many of the branches take little trouble to bring *The Dickensian* to the notice of their members. On the other hand, it is very gratifying to note that more and more branches are now fixing their subscriptions so as to include a copy of the magazine free to each member, thus coming into line with the rule of the Fellowship which makes such a course obligatory on all new branches. Branch Secretaries are so often being changed, that personal letters do not always have the desired effect ; but if any Branch Secretary wishing for further information respecting special terms on which branches may receive the magazine will write to me, I shall be very pleased to give him all the necessary particulars and to supply specimen copies for presentation to their members.

* * * * *

Pickwick in Russian. " Mr. Pickwick," a play, is to be performed by the Moscow Art Theatre during the coming winter season.

* * * * *

The Dickens House. My very best thanks to those readers who so quickly and magnificently responded to my appeal in the last number. A list of donations to date will be found on page 36. Although the amount subscribed is quite a satisfactory one, readers will observe that the donors are exceedingly few in number, and I sincerely trust that my readers generally will be coming along

with their half-crowns and five shillings. It is many years since Dickensians were asked for donations to help the Dickens House, and I hope no reader will refrain from responding to this appeal. I should like to see Branches make a further separate appeal to their members. Already before my appeal was issued, the St. Pancras Branch had arranged to give a Whist Drive in aid of the House. I hope other Branches will follow this lead, and devote the proceeds of at least one meeting this year to maintaining the high standard already set up at 48 Doughty Street. Much still remains to be done there to honour Dickens in his first house ; much is done willingly and voluntarily by London members to assist in many ways, but now a more general appeal is made, and I feel confident it will not be made in vain.

* * * * *

Our Branches and Our Aims. Judging from the syllabuses I have seen for the meetings of the Fellowship the world over during the next few months, the interest being taken in things Dickensian is greater than it ever was. I thank those branches who have profited by my suggestion a year or so ago, that they should include in their syllabuses the name and address of the London head-quarters, as well as the Branch number. I think every branch is uniform in this respect ; but I notice a lack of knowledge as to exactly what are the Aims and Objects of The Dickens Fellowship, which many branches also circulate to their members. They are the following :—(1) To knit together in a common bond of friendship lovers of that great master of humour and pathos, Charles Dickens ; (2) To spread the love of humanity, which is the keynote of all Dickens's work ; (3) To take such measures as may be expedient to remedy those existing social evils, the amelioration of which would have appealed so strongly to the heart of Charles Dickens, and to help in every possible direction in the cause of the poor and oppressed ; (4) To assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings and objects associated with his name or mentioned in his works. These were drawn up by the late B. W. Matz and approved at the first meeting over thirty years ago, and have remained unaltered ever since. There is no need to edit or to shorten them in any way whatever ; yet I find that several branches do so.

* * * * *

The Fiction of Facts. Mr. Norman Collins has written a book on " The Facts of Fiction " ; in it he makes this comment on Dickens : " Dickens has been heralded so long and so loudly as the author of the people that the truth that he never wrote about real people at all has been lost in the general din. If he had written about the poor as they really were, nine-tenths of his contemporaries would have been merely annoyed ; and historians, not novel readers, would have been grateful to-day.

" He wrote, instead, about the poor as they manifestly were not. He condensed the characteristics of eccentricity of a dozen men into a single man, so that if you met any one of the dozen you would declare that Dickens had hit him off. He made his characters entirely

entertaining by making them only partly lifelike. He created a world like, even ludicrously like, our own, but with startling differences. It was about as near to the world of real life as the world of Harlequinade is."

I am afraid Mr. Collins either knows very little at all about Dickens, or he has been making fiction of his facts. At any rate he recites a few statements (not " of fact," as the lawyers would say), which will assist discussion at our meetings this winter.

* * * * *

The Daily Dickens. Mrs. Emily Eckersley, of Rugby, writes me that she reads " The Daily Telegraph," " The Birmingham Evening Despatch," " The Sunday Times," " The Observer," a local weekly paper, and " Punch." Since November 23rd, 1929, she has been noting down the allusions to Dickens which have appeared in these papers, and finds they now number one thousand two hundred and eleven. Of these 145 are from *Pickwick*. Of the characters Micawber heads the list, although Sam Weller runs him very closely.

* * * * *

A Distinction Well Deserved. Congratulations to my old friend Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, ex-Mayor of Bath, on his election as Life President of the Bath Branch. This is an innovation in the appointment of branch officers ; and if other branches should follow I hope they will see that so high an honour is given only as a reward for long and continuous service of high merit. Such service has Mr. Cotterell rendered Bath for over thirty years, and nobody in the branch there is more deserving of the distinction.

* * * * *

The Captain's Hook. The publication in the last number of three different pictures of Captain Cuttle naturally revived the old question of the error made by " Phiz " when he first drew the old salt, and depicted him with his hook upon his left arm instead of on his right. In a later picture, shown on page 306, " Phiz " showed the hook correctly, and Mr. Walter Rainey has also correctly placed the hook on the right arm.

* * * * *

What a Horse ! There are two batteries of Royal Horse Artillery stationed at Newport (Mon.), writes Mr. Ley. Every horse has its name, and that name is painted over its stall. One answers to " Charles Dickens."

* * * * *

The Dog and Pot. The sign of the Dog and Pot which, as already recorded in the *The Dickensian*, has been removed from the shop in the Blackfriars Road, is being exhibited temporarily in the Cuming Museum, Walworth Road.

* * * * *

Disappearing Dickens's London. The proposal to clear a part of the Southwark area which has some small Dickens interest, need not arouse any protest from us. Like Jacob's Island and Folly

Ditch, cleared some years ago, we rejoice to think that wide streets and wholesome houses will arise as a result. I understand that the side of the Borough High Street on which "The George" and St. George's Church are situated, is not included in the schedule.

* * * * *

The probable demolition of the "George and Vulture" in Lombard Street was the subject of a leading article in the "New York Times" of September 14th last. What other writer could have inspired such a tribute to a hostelry with what might be termed a fictitious reputation?

* * * * *

The Week-end Dickens. This is an admirable little volume published by A. Maclehose and Co., at the low cost of a single half-crown, that every Dickensian should carry one about with him week-in and week-out. It is admirably conceived, with a judicious selection of quotations sub-divided under the heading, Love, Law, Creative Comforts, Rhetoric, Philosophy, Childhood, and so on. But what gives added interest to the book is that the source of the extract, or the speaker of the lines, is not divulged in the text, so that even the keenest Dickensian will experience difficulty in filling in the blanks of some of the excellent passages which Mrs. Sylvia Warner has selected. It is a novel presentation of Dickens, which will prove a great source of enjoyment wherever two or three Dickensians are gathered together; and although it is well nigh impossible to make a choice of extracts which will satisfy every reader, this little volume answers the purpose far better than any other I have yet come across.

* * * * *

Some Dickens Men. When Mr. Edwin Charles (first known to us with his "Keys to the Mystery of Edwin Drood") gave us that delightful volume "Some Dickens Women" a few years ago, we all knew that he must assuredly follow it with a companion volume on the Men. And here it is, with a foreword by a fellow journalist in the Street of Adventure, Sir Philip Gibbs. Here are the biographies of a dozen men who are probably better known to the world at large than any other dozen you may care to mention. Mr. Charles has very deftly interwoven the actual life stories of these personalities with sundry interesting information not always to be found in the novels, and has thereby added a very acceptable volume to the store of Dickensian literature. Rich and Cowan, Ltd., are the publishers.

* * * * *

All Dickensians, and especially those who have met Mr. W. L. Edwards at the Conferences, where he has been a regular attendant, will join me in congratulating him on his election as Mayor of Gloucester.

* * * * *

The Blackpool Branch has preparations well in hand for the Conference there from June 16th to 20th next year. The last time the conference was held in the North, a large number of delegates from London and elsewhere travelled by road. Will those ready to join in such arrangements on this occasion kindly let me know?

WALTER DEXTER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARK TAPLEY

Lookin' on the bright side of human life, one of my hopeful wisions is, that there's a deal of misery awaiting for me ; in the midst of which I may come out tolerable strong and be jolly under circumstances as reflects some credit.

* * * * *

It's a considerable invasion of a man's jollity to be made so particular welcome.

* * * * *

I shall have to leave it in my will to be wrote upon my tomb. He was a man as might have come out strong if he could have got a chance. But it was denied him.

* * * * *

Nothing but being very bad myself, and jolly to the last, will ever do me justice.

* * * * *

Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he's dressed. There ain't much credit in that. If I was very ragged and very jolly, then I should begin to feel I had gained a point.

* * * * *

What would be the credit of the landlord of the Dragon's being jolly ? Why, he couldn't help it if he tried.

* * * * *

I'm a-coming out strong at last. These are the circumstances that would try a ordinary mind ; but I'm uncommon jolly, not quite as jolly as I could wish to be, but very near.

* * * * *

It would be more creditable in me to be jolly when there's things a going on to make me dismal. It may be a mistake of mine, you see, but nothing short of trying how it acts, will set it right.

* * * * *

Here am I, with a liking for what's wentersom, and a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down.

* * * * *

I never *am* to get any credit ; I think, I begin to be afraid that the Fates is determined to make the world very easy to me.

* * * * *

Floored for the present, sir, but jolly.

* * * * *

Things is looking about as bad as they can look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And, therefore, Tapley, now's your time to come out strong ; or never.

* * * * *

My constitution is, to be jolly ; and my weakness is, to wish to find a credit in it.

* * * * *

No credit is to be got out of such a way of life as that where everything agreeable would be ready to one's hand.

* * * * *

Here's some credit in being jolly, at last.

49 avenue des champs Elysées

Vendredi, 7 Decembre 1855

Messieurs.

Je viens de recevoir la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'addresser. Permettez-moi de repondre, d'abord, que si vous voulez bien me faire le plaisir de m'expliquer votre projet un peu plus en detail et en pleine confiance, encore par lettre, je vous serai infiniment obligé, et je m'empresserai ou de vous entretenir ou de vous ecrire franchement. A present, je n'autorise pas aucune traduction de mes livres en Francais, et il me paraît que presque tout le monde etranger me fait l'honneur tres flatteur de regarder mes ecrits comme une espece de propriété publique.

Recevez, Messieurs l'assurance de ma consideration la plus distinguée

Charles Dickens

A Messrs. De la Rochelle et Cie

DICKENS AND HIS FRENCH PUBLISHERS

IN his article on "Dickens in France" in the last volume of *The Dickensian*, Judge Fabre Surveyer gave some very interesting particulars concerning the publication of an edition of the novels translated into French, which Dickens arranged for during his stay in Paris in the winter of 1855-6. Through the courtesy of the publishers—Hachette and Cie, Paris—we are now able to publish in full for the first time the complete series of letters written to them by Dickens. Further comment is not necessary, the reader being referred to pages 125-127 of the last volume.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Vendredi, 7 Decembre, 1855.

Messieurs,

Je viens de reçevoir la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'addresser. Permettez-moi de repondre, d'abord, que si vous voulez bien ma faire le plaisir de m'expliquer votre projet un peu plus en detail et en pleine confiance encore par lettre, je vous serai infinement obligé, et je m'empresserai on de vous entretenir on de vous ecrire fanchement à present, je ne antoise pas aucune traduction de mes livres en Français, et il me parait que presque tout le monde etranger me fait l'honneur tres flattante, de regarder mes ecrits comme une espèce de proprieté publique.

Recevez Messieurs l'assurance de ma consideration la plus distinguée.

Charles Dickens.

Messrs. De la Hachette et Cie.

49 Champs Elysées
Mercredi Janvier 2, 1856.

Messieurs,

Permettez-moi de vous faire savoir que je suis revenu à Paris, et que je serai bien aix d'avoir l'honneur de vous entretenir, ou Lundi ou Mardi prochain, à deux heures.

Recevez Messieurs l'assurance de ma consideration profonde.

Votre fidele,

Charles Dickens.

Messrs. L. Hachette et Cie.

49 Champs Elysées
Monday January 14, 1855.*

Dear Sir,

I have read the agreement you have had the kindness to send me, and I return it enclosed.

When I wrote, hastily, the titles of my Romances, I forgot *Oliver Twist*, which is distinctly one of them, which has been always so called and which is as widely known both in England and abroad as any book I have written. Consequently the number of Romances is not nine, but ten.

As to *Hard Times*, and the contes de Noel, they are comparatively

* Actually 1856.

short as separate books, but they form part of my works as published in England, and no French translation could possibly be considered complete without them (as one volume in all). I therefore suggest to you that they ought to form part of the series of Romances, and that it would be an absurdity to include them under the separate title of "Nouvelles." Nor do I see how we can possibly include in our agreement the titles of all the papers I have written in *Household Words*. If you call those "Nouvelles" (which I do not), there are many of them; but of opuscules *not* published in *Household Words*, there is only one large separate volume. It is called "Sketches" (Esquisses), and contains my juvenile productions. I do not think it would repay you to make any translations from that book.

I cannot say what Romances written by me have been translated in France, and I wish to avoid embarrassing our agreement with any statement on that head. Your original letter containing nothing about it, I apprehend you will agree with me on the point.

It seems to me that there are only three essential points to be stated in the agreement.

First, that I am the author of certain works, some of which appeared before the International Treaty; some of which have appeared since the International Treaty.

Second, that the following are the dates of the publication of the said books, separately. Consequently that so many were published before the treaty, and that so many have been published since.

Third, that I cede to you the sole and exclusive right of making a translation authorised by me, of these books, into the French language, in consideration of so much money—so much for the books published before the Treaty, and so much for the books published since the Treaty —to be paid in monthly payments of a thousand francs each, commencing on the 1st of April next.

The whole business would thus be settled in one plain agreement. I should greatly prefer this mode of proceeding, and I hope you will do me the favour to adopt it. Nothing is wanting on my part to render it complete, but a list of the dates of publication of all my books. On receiving your answer, I will write for it to my publishers in England, and obtain it within two days. I will then send it to you, you can alter the agreement in accordance with it, and we can discuss and conclude it here on any afternoon you please at 3 o'clock.

With the assurance of my high consideration, I am, Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

à Monsieur L. Hachette.

Villa des Moulineaux
Boulogne Sur Mer
Monday June Ninth, 1856.

Dear Sir,

I regret that in the great pressure of business occasioned by my leaving town, I was so much occupied that I was not at home on either of the two occasions when you called at my house.

On looking over your list, I find the following names of living authors now in England.

Ainsworth
Bulwer
Carlyle
D'Israeli
Lady Georgiana Fullerton
Mrs. Gore
Jerrold
Miss Kavanagh
Lewes
Macaulay
Thackeray
Warren x
Mrs. Marsh
Miss Jensbury
Wilkie Collins.

All these ladies and gentlemen, with the exception of the one name against which I have put a cross, I know. Do you wish to have a letter of introduction to each ? I do not quite understand from the letter I have received from your father what service you wish me to render you. Neither do I understand what you wish to know from me in reference to authors who have long been dead, as Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, &c.

If you will explain what you require to know, I shall be happy to render you any assistance in my power. In the meantime I return your list, with the addresses of several of the writers mentioned in it, written against their names.

Faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

Monsieur Alfred Hachette.

Tavistock House, London
Saturday Seventeenth January
1857.

My Dear Sir,

I have been so much occupied with other matters since the receipt of your letter, that I have not had time to answer it until to-day. I do so in few words, wishing to avoid the delay of another post.

Enclosed is the Address to be prefixed to the Translated series, and which you will, of course, cause to be translated into French. I hope you will agree with me that it says, briefly, all that is necessary.

Your account of the excellent revision the translations have undergone gives me great pleasure. I do not doubt that they will be admirably done, after so much care, and under the excellent superintendence of M. Lorain.

Accept, my dear Sir, the assurance of my high regard, and Believe me

Always
Yours faithfully,

Charles Dickens.

Monsieur L. Hachette.

Address of the English Author
To The French Public

I have long been desirous that a complete French translation of the books I have written should be made, and should be published in an uniform series.

Hitherto, less fortunate in France than in Germany, I have only been known to French readers not thoroughly acquainted with the English language through occasional fragmentary and unauthorised translations over which I have had no control, and from which I have derived no advantage.

The present translation of my writings was proposed to me by Messrs. L. Hachette and Co. in a manner equally spirited, liberal, and generous. It has been made with the greatest care, and its many difficulties have been combated with unusual skill, intelligence and perseverance. It has been superintended, above all, by an accomplished gentleman perfectly acquainted with both languages, and able, with a rare felicity, to be perfectly faithful to the English text while rendering it in elegant and expressive French.

I am proud to be so presented to the great French people whom I sincerely love and honor, and to be known and approved by whom *must be* an aspiration of every labourer in the Arts, for which France has done so much, and in which she has made herself renowned throughout the world.

This is the only edition of my writings that has my sanction. I humbly and respectfully, but with full confidence, recommend it to my French readers.

Charles Dickens.

Tavistock House, London,
January 17th, 1857.

Tavistock House, London
Third April, 1857.

Dear Sir,

I have received your two obliging letters, with much interest and satisfaction. The copies of *Nickleby* which you had the kindness to forward to me, I have also received safely, and have carefully read. Touching them, and the high opinion I have formed of the translation, I enclose a letter to M. Lorain, which perhaps you will have the kindness to place in his hands.

Bleak House has not yet reached me.

I am charmed to learn that the series is progressing with so much vigour, and I sincerely hope that the result of the undertaking may be in all respects satisfactory to you.

Accept, my dear Sir, the assurance of my consideration and regard.

Very faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

à Monsieur L. Hachette.

SCROOGE'S CHAMBERS

By GWEN MAJOR

THE somewhat tentatively suggested topography of *A Christmas Carol*, compared with that of nearly all others of Dickens's works, has perhaps one advantage in that it tends to increase the ghostly unreality of this story.

Yet much of the charm of Dickens's writing lies in the fact that he took dry reality, and from it created fancies that will live when the real is forgotten.

I believe this to be especially typified in *A Christmas Carol*, which embodies everything characteristic of the Master, and from its conception was very dear to his heart. For those who like to think that Dickens wove his plots around places we may still visit, I will suggest a site which I hope may not only be accepted for itself, but which may strengthen some others previously made in this connection.

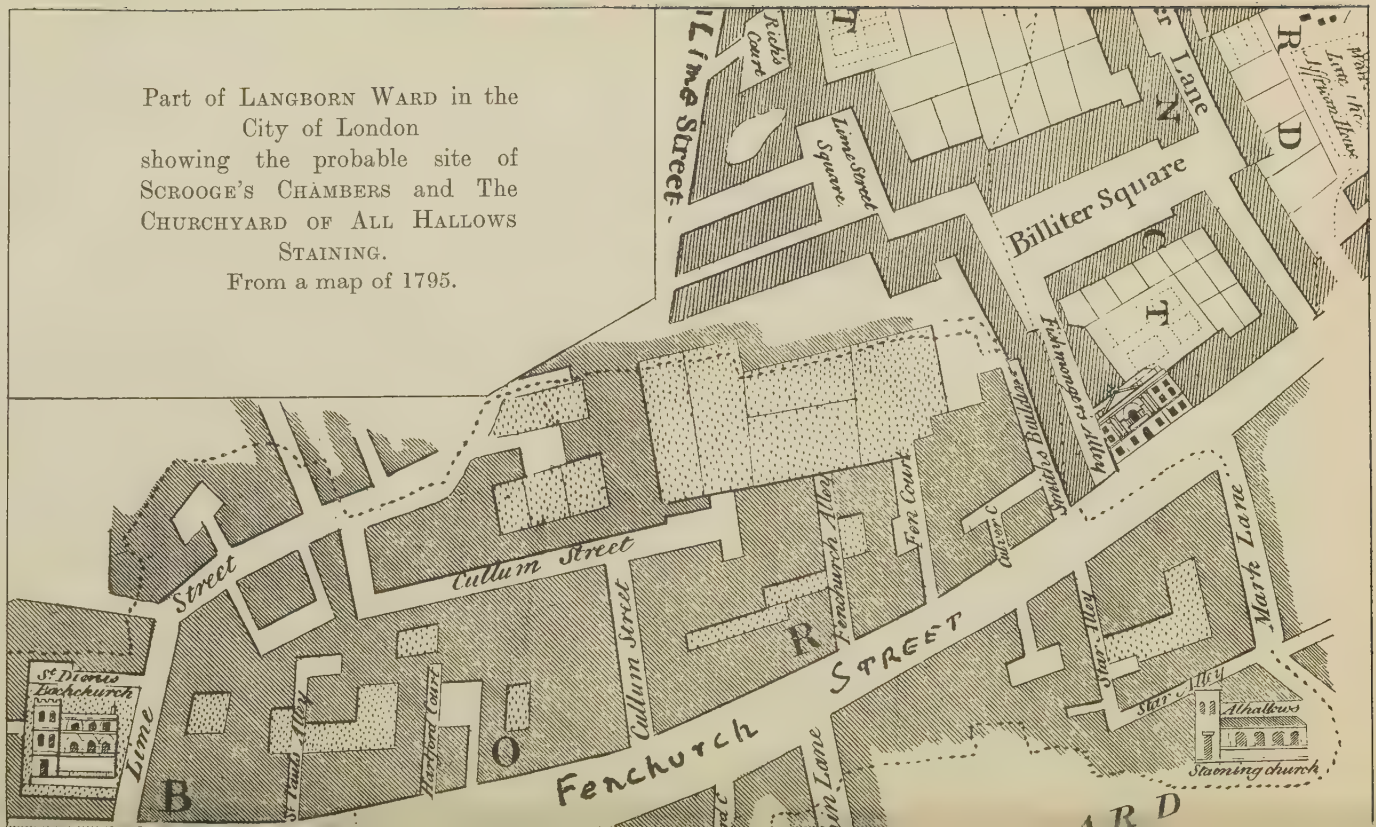
I will therefore assume that 16 Bayham Street—Dickens's home at the age of 11—was the original of the Cratchit's home, that Scrooge's office was in St. Michael's Alley, that he dined at Garraway's Coffee House, and was buried in the churchyard of All Hallows Staining, Star Alley, off Mark Lane. Where, then, were Scrooge's chambers ?

Apparently not far from Garraway's, though I hardly know why I say apparently, except that Dickens did not make much of sending him home after his evening meal ; presumably in a parish about the churchyard in which he was buried ; probably near his business resorts, since the phantoms in Stave I who floated by his window with their groaning burdens must obviously have been of too selfish a kind to have haunted any spot except one closely allied with their own interests, for the mere sake of adding stepping stones to Scrooge's better understanding.

Yet, where were they ? So slight is the clue that one is really inclined to think Scrooge lived in the air !

Looking in Street Directories and elsewhere for any building in the vicinity of Cornhill known as " chambers " in Dickens's day, I chanced upon the description of an old house occupying the site numbered 46 Lime Street, and standing up a courtyard, well back from the street, which, together with several neighbouring houses, had once been a fine mansion. This house, with the rest, was demolished only in 1875, so that Dickens could have seen it when writing the story in 1843. I subsequently turned up a number of works written since that date in which mention is made of this pile, and so far as I have seen, although the neighbourhood was the centre of the fashionable quarter in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and despite frequent references to the " fine houses " of Lime Street and the adjacent Billiter Square, no other was especially described as was the case with No. 46.

Horwood's Map shows that in 1800 No. 46 stood well back and alone up a narrow courtyard on the east of Lime Street, backing on to Lime



Part of Langborn Ward in the City of London showing the probable site of Scrooge's Chambers and The Churchyard of All Hallows Staining.
From a map of 1795.

Street Square, that part which is now the northern end of Fenchurch Avenue. A part of the actual site of this house is now occupied by offices on the west of Fenchurch Avenue, while No. 46 now stands flush with Lime Street.

Further investigation at the Guildhall showed that the property had once been known as Tiptoft's Inn, from the name of the family owning it; that after several generations it came through marriage into the possession of the second Lord Scrope of Bolton (a name vaguely suggestive of Scrooge !) and that after several more generations it was bequeathed by a Richard Knyght to the Fishmongers' Company in 1501, in whose possession it still remains. I wrote to this Company for some information, and was most kindly allowed to see plans and agreements relating to the place which dated back to the sixteenth century, and found that a chapel had been attached to it.

From " London Past and Present," " London, Vanished and Vanishing," " The London Topographical Record," " The Graphic," and " Building News " of April, 1875, and other sources, I found that this old inn and baronial home was rebuilt about 1600, apparently in the form of a rough four-sided block, with a narrow entrance for carriages under an archway from Lime Street which widened out into a courtyard. The mansion was subsequently divided into several separate houses, numbering from 45 to 48, the most notable of which was that part at the back of the courtyard numbered 46, to the immediate south of which the chapel had once stood. The courtyard appears to have become somewhat narrowed by the encroachment of storehouses or cellars, so that 46 came to be literally " up a narrow courtyard."

In Dickens's day no less than nineteen firms had offices in No. 46, of whom three were wine merchants ! There would appear to have been no private residents there then. Probably even the Street Directories of the day combined to deny Scrooge his chambers !

A very fine pair of wooden, folding gates, dated 1631, stood outside this particular house, but according to the Fishmongers' plans there had been gates to the entrance of the courtyard from Lime Street, which might have been moved back to allow free access to the public. The chimneypieces of the whole block dated back to the same period, and there are references to the fine balustrades, and to the " rather noisome cellars " below No. 46.

In 1700 Sir Thomas Abney kept his mayoralty at 46.

During the demolition of this property in 1875 it was thought " remarkable that there should exist in the middle of the City a block of houses containing some twelve or fourteen rooms all of which were pretty much in the condition in which they were left in the time of Charles I."

So here we have a house notable in Dickens's day for its antiquity and old gates, and it is not difficult from the foregoing to see the place as Scrooge might have done, " . . . a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when

it was a young house . . . and have forgotten the way out again." In that same paragraph mention is made of the age of the house, and " the black old gateway," and later of the " wine-merchant's cellars below " (over whose casks Marley's Ghost presently clanked his chains !), of the wide staircase " up which you might have got a hearse," the Dutch tiles of the " old fireplace," " built by some Dutch merchant long ago " (No. 46 and its neighbours was rebuilt in 1600 or thereabouts by a Stephen Langton, who might or might not have been Dutch, but who was a merchant), and of the old-fashioned bell-pull connecting Scrooge's room with a distant part of the house, obviously once a private dwelling. It is especially mentioned that " nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices," which in 1843 was the case with No. 46, as already mentioned.

Robert Langton, in " The Childhood and Youth of Dickens," written in 1890, also assumes Scrooge's place of abode to have been an " old-fashioned roomy city house."

The " neighbouring clock " which struck the dread hour of midnight would have been that of St. Andrew's Undershaft, from whence also would have come the merry peal of bells on Christmas morning.

The " poulterer in the next street but one at the corner " mentioned in Stave Four is not easy to locate. From the courtyard Scrooge might have referred to Cullum Street, on the corner of which was a provision merchant in 1843, the " but one " street being across Lime Street leading by the south of East India House into Leadenhall Market, at the corner of which was a " turkey merchant." In any case the proximity of the Poultry Market would suggest the idea in general to Dickens.

Lastly, a curious fact emerges which seems to link all four before-mentioned tentatively-suggested sites in this story to each other and with 46 Lime Street.

In Stave Four, after witnessing the pitiful bereavement of the Cratchit family (in Bayham Street), Scrooge asked the Spirit who the man was whom he had seen lying dead, and was taken direct south-east, since the next halt was made by Scrooge's former " place of business " (St. Michael's Alley). It seems as if no lesson was intended in going through this Alley ; it merely chanced that the course lay through it, as the Spirit makes clear by its unwillingness to stay and by pointing " elsewhere," therefore south or south-east ; after which they reached the churchyard.

If one takes a line from Bayham Street to St. Michael's Alley and continues " straight on," that line will lie almost exactly across All Hallows Staining churchyard, No. 46 Lime Street being a little to the north of the line.

The church of All Hallows Staining, then standing, made this as likely a burial place as any, though St. Dionis Backchurch was also standing, and is certainly a possibility, but I think less likely to have come within Dickens's walks.

As I have mentioned elsewhere, there is ample ground for believing

that Dickens was very much in the habit of using in his stories all he saw around him, and in his letter of January 2nd, 1844, to Professor Felton, we have proof of his " extraordinary excitement " over writing *A Christmas Carol*, during which he " walked about the black streets of London fifteen and twenty miles many a night." This is significant, because he was then living in Devonshire Terrace, not so far from Bayham Street, and first wandering up there, remembering his childhood as he ever did, might have zigzagged down to Cornhill, Lime Street and Mark Lane, since the theme obviously evolves chiefly in the city. With the story so much in his mind it is inconceivable that he should not have laid it where he walked or have walked where he saw it.

Scrooge's chambers are important as a centre from which his experiences radiate : first the appearance of Marley's face in the door knocker, then of Marley's Ghost, and next of the Three Spirits ; not to mention the bursting in upon Scrooge of the glorious Christmas morning which was to herald his changed life.

There is therefore reason in the foregoing to believe a most likely old house was to hand for Scrooge's chambers, and we know that Dickens knew every inch of the ground from the Mansion House to Aldgate and from Bishopsgate to London Bridge, far beyond these for that matter, but still these especially, and most particularly, too, the streets and courts around Leadenhall Market and East India House, the courtyard of No. 46 Lime Street then being but a step from either of these. One can imagine him taking a walk down Cornhill, say, with the intention of visiting his " Ghastly Grim " church, in the course of which these suggested sites would occur. Continuing a little down Leadenhall Street he would turn down Lime Street. That street snobbishly bending west and not serving him for many yards, turning left by one of two passages into Lime Street Square, he would have found himself actually brushing the north and east walls of No. 46. There then being no Fenchurch Avenue, he would have turned sharp left by a bottle-neck into Billiter Square and by Fishmongers Passage have entered Fenchurch Street. Across the road lay Star Alley, through which he could reach Mark Lane, and so St. Olave's Church, as much stamped by him for all time as by Pepys.

If you now think it likely that Scrooge's chambers were in No. 46 Lime Street, and looking on its modern face prefer that I should not have laid this ghost, I would remind you that the old pile is now in turn a ghost itself. To-day Barclay's Bank occupies 46, facing right up to the pathway, and I am quite sure that no institution so exact as a bank will claim kinship with the inexact and flimsy past.

Therefore, go to the back through Lime Street Square and Fenchurch Avenue, on a dark and foggy night, with *The Carol* in your pocket and your heart in the past, a " neighbouring clock " striking the ghostly hours over the muffled city ; and the Spirit of the old place will creep about you yet !

WHO IS THIS?

1. A sort of Hercules in strength and also in weakness.
2. With a large red head and no nose to speak of.
3. The relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer.
4. So pure and gentle that earth seemed not her element.
5. Constantly exhibited by name as the most obdurate and ruthless of men.
6. A most uncommon small man with a most uncommon large 'ed.
7. An old-looking, young man of a heavy order of architecture.
8. Distant and quiet as the North Pole. No one knew his Christian name.
9. If he were ever a big old man, he had shrunk into a little old man.
10. He walked as softly as the ghost in Hamlet, and more slowly.
11. Spoken to as my lord, under the impression that he was the bishop.
12. An elderly, pimply-faced, vegetable diet, sort of man.
13. His ruffled head bore a certain likeness to a roused bird of prey.
14. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages.
15. He bore upon his wrist what seemed a smear of blood but half washed out.
16. His moustache went up under his nose, and his nose came down over his moustache in a very sinister and cruel manner.
17. A little spoffish man, with green spectacles—one of those gentlemen who pretend to know everybody, but in reality know nobody.
18. In his decent black coat and waistcoat, and decent white shirt, and decent formal black tie and decent pantaloons of pepper and salt . . . a thoroughly decent young man of six and twenty.
19. Dressed in a gorgeous morning gown, with a waistcoat, and turkish trousers of the same pattern.
20. A corpulent man, with a fortnight's napkin under his arm and coeval stockings on his legs.
21. With one stationary eye in the mahogany face, and one revolving one, on the principle of some lighthouses.
22. Of course—one of the most remarkable men in the county; but he really was a notorious person besides.
23. The very first word he learnt to spell was "gain," and the second (when he got into two syllables), "money."
24. I may call myself an artist—a fancy workman—art improves natur'—that's my motto.
25. A pink, fresh-faced, crisp-looking gentleman, with a weak voice, white teeth, light hair and surprised eyes.
26. A man of prodigious enterprise; a Midas without the ears, who turned all he touched to gold. He was in everything good from banking to building.

(The Answers will be printed in the Spring number).

DINING WITH DICKENS

By LAURIE THORPE

DICKENS surely is the heartiest, the most robustious celebrant of the delights of plain cooking. No elaborate foreign delicacies are displayed before us when he invites us to dinner. Its attraction lies in the attention to the details of the meal, no matter how plain and simple, and in the enthusiasm with which he pulls his chair up to the table, tucks in his napkin and bids us "fall to."

The advertisement columns in our daily papers are most eager to tell us what Henry VIII would have done with a Gillette razor, or Cleopatra with a Waverley pen, but they remain silent on the interesting question as to what Dickens would have said of orange juice and Ryvita as a festive banquet. What would have been his reaction to Sir Arbuthnot Lane's diet sheet? I rather fancy he would have remained completely cold, and unmoved, by the tempting lists of carbohydrates and vitamins A and B, which we solemnly consult before venturing on our next meal. No horrible forebodings of the troubles which might possibly result from the enjoyment of a hearty meal, and no ghastly reminders of having eaten well but not wisely! In these days, when nobody eats anything to speak of, there is a freshness of the early world in this attitude towards the enjoyment of food. "All good things around us are sent us to enjoy—" says Dickens in effect, and assumes that a good digestion is included in with "good things."

Even Sam Weller's friend, the gallant sportsman who ate thirty-six crumpets at a sitting, died to prove the principle that "crumpets is wholesome." Actually Dickens's meals are often very simple, and the attraction to us lies, I suggest, in the description rather than in the delicacies themselves. One such, with apparently trivial details, is the dinner Tom Pinch ate in the tavern at Salisbury, consisting of a well-cooked steak and smoking hot potatoes, a jug of most stupendous Wiltshire beer, cheese and celery.

Another very simple meal, in which trivial details are emphasised, is the little supper at Mrs. Bardell's. When Sam Weller called to deliver a message from Mr. Pickwick, he found a couple of Mrs. Bardell's most particular acquaintances who had just stepped in to have a quiet cup of tea and a little warm supper. The cheese was simmering and browning away in a little Dutch oven before the fire—and the pettitoes were getting on deliciously in a little tin saucepan on the hob.

I like, too, the dinner in Edinburgh of which the bagman's uncle

partook in *The Pickwick Papers*. " My uncle supped at the house of a very old friend of his, a Baillie Mac something and four syllables after it, who lived in the old town of Edinburgh. . . . It was a glorious supper. There were kippered salmon, and finnan haddocks and a lamb's head and a haggis—a celebrated Scotch dish, gentlemen, which my uncle used to say always looked to him, when it came to table, very much like a Cupid's stomach—and a great many other things besides that I forget the names of, but very good things notwithstanding."

In each of these illustrations, the food is very simple, but the carefully-applied adjective is so alluring as to make a tempting whole. Tom Pinch's *well-cooked* steak, and *steaming hot* potatoes—to say nothing of his " stupendous " Wiltshire beer; the manner in which Mrs. Bardell's cheese was " simmering and browning most delightfully " and " the pettitoes getting on deliciously," emphasise the value of the carefully chosen apparent triviality. The instance which seems to me to be remarkably good in this respect is the well-known dinner on the steps of Alderman Cute's house which Meg brought to her father, Toby Veck. Trotty was going to lift the cover at once, in a great hurry, when Meg gaily interposed her hand.

" What is it, father ? " she said. " Come ! You haven't guessed what it is." Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket and took a long inspection of the lid, the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas. " Ah ! it's very nice," said Toby. " It ain't—I suppose it ain't Polonies ? "

" No, no, no ! " cried Meg, delighted. " Nothing like Polonies ! "

" No," said Toby after another sniff. " It's—it's mellower than Polonies." " It's very nice. It improves every moment."

It was " too decided for Trotters," and had " a mildness about it that don't answer for liver." It wasn't Pettitoes, Sausages or Chitterlings ! It was Tripe ! And " Tripe it was ; and Meg, in her high joy, protested he should say in half a minute more it was the best tripe ever stewed."

The frugality of these meals is described with so much enthusiasm that they actually appear most tempting to the hungry reader.

Then there are the cold lunches and picnics, and again the emphasis is upon the little descriptive details rather than upon the importance of the items upon the menu.

A tray lunch served in the boardroom of Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company is a good example : " A tray covered with a snow white cloth, which being thrown back displayed a pair of cold roast fowls, flanked by some potted meats —and a cool salad, enhanced by a bottle of excellent Madeira, and another of Champagne."

Or again, the picnic lunch which

Mrs. Lupin packed in a basket and gave to Tom Pinch when he started on his journey to London after leaving Mr. Pecksniff. "Tom unpacked it and put the articles, one by one, upon the foot board, a cold roast fowl, a packet of ham in slices, a crusty loaf, a piece of cheese, a paper of biscuits, half a dozen apples, a knife, some butter, a screw of salt and a bottle of old sherry." I believe that men as a rule dislike picnic meals, but I defy any mere male to resist the lure of the ham in *slices*, the *crusty* loaf, the *knife*, the cheese and the sherry. Undoubtedly Dickens threw himself wholeheartedly into visualising these meals ; the items are not carelessly or hurriedly thrust together. They are placed carefully and daintily before you. Begin at the beginning and eat with zest from your chicken and ham to your cheese, and end with a touch of sherry.

You will remember the famous picnic lunch in *The Pickwick Papers* where a similar systematic plan is carried out. "Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquizing as he arranged the eatables on the grass, "very good thing is Weal pie when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it ain't kittens. Tongue ; well that's a very good thing when it ain't a woman's. Bread—knuckle o' ham—reglar picter —cold beef in slices." And then he sums up the whole with the remark, "And a wery good notion of a lunch it is, take it altogether."

II.

It is obvious that Dickens's meals are all "men's meals" ; there is an entire absence of sweets at the end of the meal—and if they are provided it is generally without any eulogistic description. Even when describing a more elaborate type of meal in detail, Dickens's imagination utterly fails him when the sweet course is reached ; he has entirely lost interest in the dinner at this point, and leaves you to provide it for yourself.

There is that hearty meal at Todgers's in *Martin Chuzzlewit* when "they fell to with less ceremony than appetite, the table groaning beneath the weight of fowls, fish, boiled beef, roast veal, bacon, pies, and abundance of such heavy vegetables as are favourably known to housekeepers for their satisfying qualities. Besides which there were bottles of stout, bottles of wine, bottles of ale, and divers other strong drinks, native and foreign. The dessert was splendid. Quarts of almonds, dozens of oranges, pounds of raisins, stacks of biffins, soup plates full of nuts. Then more wine came on, red wine and white wine, and a large china bowl of punch." Now this meal was provided by a *woman*, and two of the guests were *women*. Where, therefore, were the sweets ? Were they entirely omitted ? Perish the thought ! Dickens, being a male, was supremely uninterested in the meal at this point, and evades describing the sweets—to our eternal regret. Even in the dinner provided by John Westlock in *Martin Chuzzlewit* for Ruth and Tom Pinch, described so delightfully, the reference to a sweet is so slight as to be almost negligible.

"Suddenly there appeared a being in a white waistcoat carrying under his arm a napkin, and attended by another being, with an

oblong box upon his head, from which a banquet, piping hot, was taken out and set upon the table. 'Salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumber, a tender duckling, and a tart.'" Mark how everything else has its own important description, the salad is cool, potatoes are both innocent and young (an unusual thing !), the duckling is tender, even the cucumber is sliced ; but the tart—what was its special characteristic ? We shall never know. Dickens evidently never ate tarts ; so he couldn't or wouldn't describe them to us.

There is a similar careless reference to a tart in the dinner which David Copperfield gave to Steerforth and his two friends soon after he was installed in his rooms at Mrs. Crupp's. The suggested menu was "Oysters, a pair of hot roast fowls, a dish of stewed beef with vegetables, two little corner things as a raised pie, and a dish of kidneys, and a tart, and a shape of jelly, cheese and celery."

And I cannot help feeling that David proved a most inconsiderate host on the occasion on which he invited Mr. and Mrs. Micawber to dinner : "I merely provided a pair of soles, a small leg of mutton and a pigeon pie." Not even a tart for his lady guest ! !

III.

Some time ago I read "The English—are they human ?" by Dr. Reinier, a Frenchman who had been resident in England for seventeen years. His observation was keen, and his comments frequently shrewd and illuminating. He says, "The English, most emphatically, *eat to live.* Only at Christmas time, when popular journals go the length of publishing advertisements of patent remedies against indigestion, with the mention that the festivities of the season render their use advisable, does the food loom first in people's preoccupations. But when the Christmas meals *are* digested, the English settle down to a sober year of moderate eating. Their meats, scarcely dressed, form the mainstay of meals where vegetables are only an ornament. Assiduous boiling has deprived the vegetables of any individual flavour that might struggle for supremacy with that of the all-important animal dish. 'We had boiled mutton for lunch,' says an Englishman, without dreaming of mentioning whether it was accompanied by turnips or carrots. Who cares ?"

Now all this is probably true ; but if so, Dickens is the exceptional Englishman who proves the rule. For he most certainly does tell us what particular details accompanied the main dish—whether carrots or turnips were served with the boiled mutton. And I maintain once again, that it is just this particular care in describing the details which marks his meals as tempting. When he omits the descriptive details, the meal has no allure for us. He rarely or never applies disparaging adjectives in describing food ; he simply omits the adjective altogether if it is not eulogistic. When Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus arrived at the White Horse Inn, Ipswich, "they were ushered into a large badly-furnished apartment, with a dirty grate in which a small fire was making a wretched attempt to be cheerful, but was fast sinking

beneath the dispiriting influence of the place. After the lapse of an hour, a bit of fish and steak were served to the travellers, and when the dinner was cleared away Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus drew their chairs up to the fire, and having ordered a bottle of the worst possible port wine at the highest possible price for the good of the house, drank brandy and water for their own." Here, adjectives are employed in describing the room in which the meal was served; but none are used in describing the food.

There is another unattractive meal, actually an unpleasant one, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when Charity and Mercy Pecksniff are invited to dine with old Anthony Chuzzlewit and his evil son Jonas.

Now Dickens spends some hundreds of words describing the house and the room in which this unpleasant meal was eaten, and the disagreeable host and unhappy guests. But he dismisses the actual viands in a few words, with no comment, good or bad. "The repast consisted of a hot leg of mutton with greens and potatoes; and the dishes having been set upon the table by a slipshod old woman, they were left to enjoy it after their own manner." Later on, there is a brief reference to the toughness of the mutton, but no further remark is made about the food.

Now why did Dickens so obviously hold himself back and evade descriptive details in a meal of this kind? Did Dickens diet? And were these passages written during periods of compulsory banting, when the mere thought of describing a meal was a temptation?

This is a grim thought. A moment's reflection, however, shows that, although Dickens's biographers may have been right in assuring us that he was no glutton, yet it is obvious that full novels such as his could not have been written on an empty stomach, nor on one lined only with lentils and tonic water.

How could the following passage have been written by one who had not had past and deep experiences in the appreciation of these delicacies themselves?

It is the meal provided and cooked by Captain Cuttle in his little room at the Midshipman, when Florence Dombey took refuge with him after her flight from home.

> "The captain pursued his cooking with extraordinary skill—making hot gravy in a second little saucepan, boiling a handful of potatoes in a third—never forgetting the egg sauce in the first—and making an impartial round of basting and stirring with the most useful of spoons every minute. Besides these cares, the captain had to keep his eye on the diminutive frying pan, in which some sausages were hissing and bubbling in a most musical manner."
>
> "The dinner being at length quite ready, Captain Cuttle dished and served it up, with no less dexterity than he had cooked it."

IV.

There is another type of dinner which must be mentioned, the formal elaborate function. This appears in several of the novels, but is practically always of the same design. The dinner is described as

grand and elaborate, of many courses, and with elaborate table decorations of silver and glass, and in each case the diners are pompous humbugs. At these functions the conversation is reported in detail and at some length, giving an excellent effect of dullness, pomposity and extreme insincerity. But the food is never displayed before our hungry eyes ; probably because it was often far from alluring ! Many examples will have occurred to the reader—Mrs. Leo Hunter's ridiculous breakfast in *The Pickwick Papers*—the tragic dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Dombey soon after their marriage—the gorgeous dinners by that couple of humbugs, Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, in *Our Mutual Friend*, and the dinners given by Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap. I quote one of these as a good example :—

> " Hideous solidity was the characteristic of the Podsnap plate. Everything was made to look as heavy as it could, and to take up as much room as possible. Everything said boastfully, " Here you have as much of me in my ugliness as if I were only lead ; but I am so many ounces of precious metal worth so much an ounce ;—wouldn't you like to melt me down ? " A corpulent straddling epergne, blotched all over as if it had broken out in an eruption rather than been ornamented, delivered this address from an unsightly silver platform in the centre of the table. Four silver wine-coolers, each furnished with four staring heads, each head obtrusively carrying a big silver ring in each of its ears, conveyed the sentiment up and down the table, and handed it on to the pot-bellied silver salt-cellars. All the big silver spoons and forks widened the mouths of the company expressly for the purpose of thrusting the sentiment down their throats with every morsel they ate.
>
> " The majority of the guests were like the plate, and included several heavy articles weighing ever so much."

Upon the Christmas dinners of Dickens it is difficult to comment. Dr. Reinier says that Englishmen going abroad can never long for the cooking or the climate of home, and are therefore eminently fitted to establish themselves on any available point of the globe. But when Dickens wrote some of his Christmas stories, he was living in Italy in gay summer sunshine, and evidently like the true Cockney he was, he dreamed and longed for an English Christmas. " Amid the white cities of Tuscany he hungered for something romantic, and wrote about a rainy Christmas. Amidst the pictures of the Uffizzi he starved for something beautiful, and fed his memory on a London fog," says Chesterton.

The main themes in all his writings about Christmas are cosiness and charity—a small room with an atmosphere of love and kindness, and no matter how frugal the meal, happiness prevails. This Christmas atmosphere of goodwill is more important than the stories themselves ; and because of this the Christmas dinners are not important as meals. Chesterton says that " Dickens begins *A Christmas Carol* with a kind of happy yowl ; he bangs on the door like a drunken carol singer, his style is festive and popular." The charm of this dinner is undoubtedly in the happiness of the diners ; there is nothing outstanding in the menu, nor are the items upon it described in an especial way. Yet

this dinner is amongst the best known of all Dickens's meals, and the cook and the diners amongst the poorest and shabbiest of his characters. Its entire success lies in the merriness and the joy with which it is eaten—the atmosphere, not the story.

Even those who remember little of Dickens seem to recall Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner as revealed to Scrooge by the Spirit of Christmas present.

> "There never was such a goose ! Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked ! Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration ! Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family ; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last. Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows ! "

And then the pudding :

> "Hallo. A great deal of steam ! The pudding was out of the copper ! A smell like washing day ! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that ! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top. Oh, a wonderful pudding ! "

There is a story by Stephen Leacock which pictures the day when we shall all eat concentrated food (surely the housewife's dream of heaven). The family is gathered on Christmas Day round the festive board, upon which lies, covered by a thimble, a concentrated pill, containing the year's food for the entire family. After grace has been said there is an agonised and united scream, as it is discovered that the baby has reached from his high chair, and has eaten in one mouthful a twelve-month's supply of food for five persons. The small gormandiser is promptly blown into a million atoms !

As a housewife I cherish the hope of Leacock's concentrated pill !—but as an inspiration to greater love and kindly hospitality it will, I fear, be negligible. And it is largely due to the warmth and kindliness of Dickens's hospitality that we gladly foregather at his board, offering him deep gratitude for the dinner, even though it should be only of herbs, where love is.

PLAYS AND SKETCHES FROM DICKENS

Mr. Cooper Sands, the indefatigable Hon. Secretary of the Nottingham Branch, has printed a series of the excellent plays and sketches which he has adapted for his own branch. We receive so many enquiries for plays and sketches suitable for production by branches that we feel sure the venture will be well supported. A list of the subjects will be found in the advertisement pages.

A BLACKBURN DICKENS LANDMARK

THE Majestic Cinema, Blackburn, is probably the building in Blackburn of greatest Dickensian interest, for here in the year 1869, Charles Dickens gave the second of his readings in that town

Few buildings have played a greater part in the town's history than this one. Before its conversion into a Picture House it was known as the Exchange Hall, and has served the purpose of a cotton exchange, lecture and concert hall and a temporary theatre.

The hall was built in the year 1863 to meet the needs of the increasing trade in cotton yarns, and it was used for many years for the purpose until Manchester became the centre for this class of business.

A number of prominent men have spoken in this building, including Mr. Lloyd George and the present Prime Minister, and it was here that Lord Snowden made his maiden speech as a candidate for parliamentary honours for the borough.

One important feature of the building to Dickensians is that the Blackburn Branch of the Fellowship, since its inception, has held its meetings under the roof, in one of the rooms of the tower.

About two years ago Mr. Abbott, of 181 Leamington Road, Blackburn, who heard Dickens read in the above Hall, gave a little talk to the local Branch on his impressions of the great writer ; but, unfortunately, that link with the past was severed a short time ago by the death of Mr. Abbott.

DID MR. DOMBEY TAKE HIS CHARIOT?

By NEWBURY FROST READ

THE interesting article, "Mr. Dombey travels by Rail," by Mr. J. D. Billington in the Summer Number, is full of matter and can be reread with profit—one proof of an able article. It gives much information and makes highly interesting reading.

Admitting the merits and the fascination of the article, it is nevertheless not clear that its conclusions are correct on one point. Did Mr. Dombey take his chariot to Leamington?

In Chapter xx of *Dombey and Son* we learn that Mr. Dombey's chariot came to the door of Major Bagstock's lodgings, and in due time departed therefrom with Mr. Dombey and his guest inside and Mr. Towlinson and the Native, the latter in the rumble, entombed under his master's cloaks and greatcoats.

After the encounter with Toodle in the railway station, we read: "And the Major being heavy to hoist into Mr. Dombey's carriage, elevated in mid-air, and having to stop and swear that he would flay the Native alive, and break every bone in his skin, and visit other physical torments upon him, every time he couldn't get his foot on the step, and fell back on that dark exile, had barely time before they started to repeat hoarsely that it would never do" (the rest of the sentence refers to Rob the Grinder).

It is sometimes assumed that the "carriage" refers to Mr. Dombey's chariot. If it does, we then have the carriage, not only elevated in mid-air, but also swearing to flay the Native alive—which seems highly improbable. Actually, we are told three things about the Major in this sentence: that he was heavy to hoist, that he was elevated in mid-air, and that he had to stop and swear that he would visit various physical torments upon the Native.

It was the Major who was in mid-air, as he would have been getting into one of the railway carriages of that day. The accompanying illustration of a first class carriage, with its two small steps serving the three doors, makes clear the cause of his difficulties. All the rolling-stock was set well above the wheels, and the passenger carriages were provided, the platforms not being raised as they are now, with narrow running-boards or slender iron steps, either of which means of ingress would have reduced the plethoric Major to the state described.

From the earliest days of railways the passenger cars have been called carriages, as they are to-day, and the passage quoted means that the Major was struggling to reach the first-class carriage that unquestionably Perch the Messenger would have been sent to Euston to reserve previous to his lordly employer's departure.

The next reference to a vehicle occurs a few pages further on, when the Major "aroused his friend, by informing him that the post-horses were harnessed and the carriage ready." This proves that Mr. Dombey did not take his horses, but it does not prove that he took his chariot.

On the contrary, it indicates that he did not. A chariot was a "light four-wheeled carriage with only back-seats, differing from a

post-chaise in having a coach-box." It was intended to be driven by a coachman on the box, not by a postilion in the saddle of the near horse. It was usual for coachmen or postilions to stay with their horses; for reasons which will be good and sufficient to anyone who knew the road before the days of motor cars. Mr. Dombey having brought his chariot without his horses—why should he do such a thing, by the way: the cost of transporting them was not a consideration to him?—it would be most unlikely that he would bring his own coachman, and it would be decidedly irregular to have a coachman with post horses. It is possible that Mr. Dombey was driven to Euston by his own coachman, who then led the horses home, while the travellers hired a postilion and pair to complete their journey in a rather ridiculous manner, the chariot being designed to be driven from the box. This cumbrous amateur proceeding is hard to reconcile with Dickens's astute knowledge of the road.

In the Preface to the Cheap Edition of *Pickwick* (dated September, 1847), speaking of the inception of that work, Dickens writes: "I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard to all kinds of locomotion"; and at the second annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, held at the Freemason's Tavern on Saturday, May 20th, 1865, he said in the course of his speech proposing the toast of the evening, ". . . I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country." From personal experience he knew them well, and it was his practise to call them by their names. With an almost pedantic exactness, he refers to vehicles by their specific designations, and it will be found true as a general rule that he uses the word carriage when referring to a public vehicle.

Dombey and Son furnishes at least two instances of Dickens's practise of describing horse-drawn vehicles exactly: the visit to Warwick Castle was made in a barouche and Carker fled from Dijon in a phaeton, although in neither case does the type of vehicle affect the story.

If Mr. Dombey took his chariot, what happened to it when the travellers reached Leamington? We are told much about their doings there, and it is clear that the Major was bent on "puffing his rich friend Dombey," but no reference is made to the chariot, which certainly would have been at the Major's disposal. Nor was it used by Mr. Dombey himself when he showed Carker around the town on the day of his arrival.

If it was in Leamington, why was it not used on the excursion to Warwick and Kenilworth? It is clear that the Major was "showing off" Dombey's wealth and that Dombey was willing he should. Mrs. Skewton was an able ally, and took her page to carry Edith's sketch-book, and the Native was also a luckless member of the party. Even if Carker wished to ride, the chariot would have been a desirable addition to the cavalcade, and would have enabled Mr. Dombey to take Towlinson. It is hardly probable that Joey B. would have neglected to flaunt the chariot had it been in Leamington.

The date of the visit to the fashionable watering-place has a bearing on this question, for the practise of allowing passengers to ride in their own vehicles while in transit on the railway was soon given up. The London and Birmingham Railway was opened to Tring in 1837, but it is unlikely that Mr. Dombey would have used it had he gone that year, as it would have carried him only thirty-one miles and would have left some eighty miles to be travelled by road. It is more probable that he did not go until 1838 or later, when the line was open to Birmingham, and he could have left it at Rugby and driven about thirteen miles to Leamington, or at Coventry, about ten miles from his destination.

The story does not enable us to be definite about the route, as Mr. Dombey and the Major drove to Euston after breakfast, completed the railway part of their journey, and some portion of the road before lunch, but did not reach Leamington until evening, while Carker arrived in the morning. The explanation is probably that Mr. Dombey and the Major, as men of leisure, travelled slowly, turning aside to inspect points of interest, and perhaps left the railway farther from Leamington than they need have done, while Carker, as a man of business, would use the fastest and shortest route.

In any case it is clear that Carker could not have reached Leamington in the morning had the railway only been open to Tring, which is another reason for believing that the journey was not made until after 1838.

They stopped at the Royal Hotel (Copp's Royal Hotel, to give it its full title), which was just the sort of grand and showy place that would suit them. One can almost see Josh swaggering up the "geometrical staircase of twenty-one steps" to the public drawing-room which was fifty by twenty-four feet, or lounging about in the entrance hall that was "lighted by a beautiful window of coloured glass, in the centre of which, on a fawn-coloured mosaic ground, are the Royal Arms, richly emblazoned, surrounded by an ornamental scroll on a purple ground containing medallions representing the principal views in the vicinity."

In spite of its attractions, however, the Royal had to submit to the spirit of the age, and about 1842 was demolished to make way for railway improvements. There was thus a comparatively short span within which the visit to Leamington must have occurred. Dickens certainly knew of two such events as the opening of the London and Birmingham Railway and the demolition of Copp's Royal Hotel, at which he had stopped in 1838.

Mr. Dombey and the Major, therefore, went to Leamington in 1839, 1840, or 1841. This brings us to the picture at the head of Mr. Billington's article. The caption under it, "From an original drawing by Ackermann," is apt to be misleading. Rudolf Ackermann was not an artist but a publisher of prints. The illustration is the right hand or rear portion, about one-third, of one of "Ackermann's Long Prints" entitled "Travelling on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway." This pair of aquatints were drawn by I. Shaw, of Liverpool,

and aquatinted by S. G. Hughes, and were published by Ackermann in the latter part of 1831. The one in which we are interested consisted of five first-class passenger carriages, usually coloured yellow, followed by one coloured red carrying the mail, the whole drawn by the engine, the "Jupiter." In January, 1833, a second state of the plate was published from which one of the yellow carriages was removed, the "Royal Mail" put forward, and a truck carrying an open vehicle containing its owners and their servants added. The illustration at the head of Mr. Billington's article is the last section of this second state of the Ackermann long print, and it shows the Liverpool and Manchester Railway during the summer of 1832.

The practice of allowing passengers to travel in their own vehicles was discontinued after a few years, and the accompanying illustration shows a private carriage being taken on the London and Birmingham Railway in 1840. That Railway's regulations for that year required

TRAIN ON THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY, CIRCA 1840.

that private carriages so transported must have their springs compressed by leathern straps to prevent oscillation. It will be noted that the flat car has sides and that entry to the vehicle on it would be difficult.

"Bradshaw's Railway Companion 1840" sheds further light on this matter. That neat little book, with its dark brown covers, measures three by four and a half inches, is a quarter of an inch thick, and contains twenty-seven leaves of railway time-tables, maps and cab-fares alternately. It has also in the back an elevation map of various railways; and it presents as great a contrast to its descendant of to-day as can well be imagined. From it we learn that the cost of conveying a private carriage from London to Birmingham was £3, while a horse box was £4, but there is no mention of passengers occupying their own vehicles.

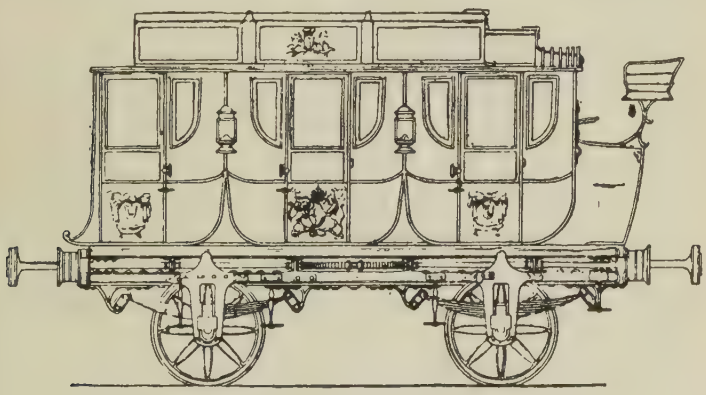
The following excerpts from Bradshaw of 1840 are worth noting in connection with this subject:

London	*Tring*	*Rugby*	*Coventry*	*Birmingham*	*Elapsed time*
6.0	7.25	9.40	10.10	11.30	5½ h.
7.0	9.0	2.0	2.40	3.45	8¾ h.
8.0	9.35	12.05	12.35	2.0	6 h.
9.0	10.22	—	12.55	2.15	5¼ h.

London	*Tring*	*Rugby*	*Coventry*	*Birmingham*	*Elapsed time*
9.45	11.0	1.15	1.45	2.30	4¾ h.
11.0	12.25	2.40	3.10	4.30	5½ h.
1.0	2.25	4.40	5.10	6.30	5½ h.
Distance		83¼ m.	94 m.	112¼ m.	

A brief description of each train is given, and we learn that most of them were what were then called "mixed." The fares to Rugby ranged from 24s. 6d. to 15s., those to Coventry from 27s. 6d. to 16s. 6d., while it cost from 32s. 6d. to 20s. to travel all the way to Birmingham. The average speed of trains on the L. and B. Railway that year was twenty-seven and a half miles an hour.

The train leaving Euston at 9.45 was described as "The Mail," and it will be noted that it made the full journey in half an hour less than any other, while that leaving London at seven was the only one by which a private carriage could be transported. This train took four hours longer to reach Birmingham than the Mail. It would seem to be a fair inference that Mr. Dombey and the Major travelled by the



FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE FOR NIGHT MAIL TRAIN, LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

finest and fastest train, and it is most unlikely that they left Euston at 7 o'clock by the slowest mixed train of the day, as they must have done if the chariot accompanied them.

Travelling by "The Mail" they would reach Rugby at 1.15, or Coventry half an hour later, or Birmingham at half past two. At whichever place they alighted they would have ample opportunity to lunch and reach Leamington in time for dinner.

From all these premises: that passengers had ceased to travel by railway in their own carriages some years before Mr. Dombey could have got within eighty miles of Leamington by rail; that he did not take his horses, and a chariot was not normally used with post-horses; that there is no reference to the chariot during the stay in Leamington; that to have travelled in the same train with it he must have gone by the slowest mixed train; and that the best and likeliest one for him

to use would not take the chariot; it seems clear that Mr. Dombey did not take his chariot to Leamington. And I submit that the "carriage" the Major was being hoisted into was such a one as pictured here, a First Class Carriage on the London and Birmingham Railway.

A Note by Mr. J. D. Billington.

Mr. Newbury Frost Read raises many important and interesting points. Broadly, the question is one of inference and as to whether Dickens had this method of travel in mind when he wrote *Dombey and Son.*

It may be of interest to quote a London and Birmingham Railway record dated 1841 under the heading of "Rates for Carriages and Horses by First Class and Mixed Trains":—

> "Gentlemen's carriages and horses must be at the Stations at least a quarter of an hour before the time of departure.
>
> "A supply of trucks will be kept at all the principal stations on the line, etc.
>
> "Passengers travelling in or on gentlemen's carriages, as well as grooms in care of horses, are charged second-class fares.
>
> "No horses can be taken by a first-class train, except when they belong to a carriage or passenger accompanying such train, or to gentlemen who are travellers by it."

We read in Chapter XX: "Mr. Dombey would have rubbed on to his own carriage." "During the bustle of preparation at the railway." The description leads one to think that it was the carriage elevated in mid-air and not the Major. The picture of Euston Station given in my article shows that people standing on the platform were in a fairly high position in relation to the railway carriages and that it should not have been necessary to "hoist" the Major into a railway carriage. The date of this picture is about 1837.

It is true that Dickens only refers to a barouche being used at Leamington, but Mr. Dombey may have thought it more impressive. Mr. Read's point about the post horses is a good one.

Dickens evidently took his travellers to Birmingham. We read "and the time, moreover, approaching for the departure of the railway train to Birmingham, by which they were to leave town." Then again the description of the route when nearing their railway destination evidently refers to the confines of Birmingham, no such description could possible apply to the approach to Rugby or Coventry, even in these days. Why Dickens should have taken them to Birmingham is certainly puzzling, as Rugby or Coventry would have been much more convenient to commence the road portion of the journey to Leamington.

It would appear that lunch was taken in the carriage *en route* after leaving the railway destination.

Mr. Read is correct with regard to the Ackermann print. This was given to depict the method of travel in the early days of railways.

Mr. Read's article is of much interest to Dickensians and ably sets forth points of view which may be new to many of us.

MORE CREDIT DUE INSPECTOR BUCKET

By WILLIAM CROSBY BENNETT

IN spite of its many merits *Bleak House* does not seem to possess that charm for the majority of its readers which is an intangible part of so many of Charles Dickens's earlier stories, as, for example, *David Copperfield*. This may be due in part to the severity of the task the author imposed upon himself in creating on so large a scale so many characters—nearly a hundred in all—milling around and about each other in the development of the plot.

Be this as it may, *Bleak House* has one character, although not painted perhaps with such a daring use of colour or shaded so heavily as others, whom we could ill afford to eliminate. Indeed, one might go a step further and say: a creation whom it would be impossible to discard and still piece together as a whole the many threads upon which the final *dénouement* depends. Of what avail *Bleak House* without the patient, affable and sagacious Inspector Bucket?

In the numerous reviews I have read, both critical and otherwise, it strikes me that Mr. Bucket does not receive the credit that is by rights his due for the humane personality he displays, or the remarkable detective abilities he portrays in the eleven chapters in which he makes his appearance. In some instances he is treated by the reviewers as a minor character and is not mentioned at all; in others only a mere shadow of himself flits across their pages.

In the fiction of to-day, wherein a detective is cast in an important role, authors make it a set rule to inject an admiring thick-headed friend or companion to set off the brilliant deductions of the hero—one who, by sheer stupidity and extreme dullness of perception, accents the other's acuteness and ability. Poe was the originator of the formula. From Dupin and his unnamed chronicler springs a long and distinguished line; Sherlock Holmes and his Watson; Martin Hewitt and his Brett; Raffles and his Bunny (on the criminal side, but of the same kidney); Thorndyke and his various Jardines, Ansteys and Jervises; Hanaud and his Mr. Ricardo; Poirot and his Captain Hastings; Philo Vance and his Van Dine; and so on.

With due respect to the creators of the above characters, who undoubtedly in many cases have fulfilled what Dr. Johnson calls the purpose of good books—to teach us to enjoy life or help us to endure it—I cannot help remarking that Charles Dickens needs no admiring satellite to utter expressions of eulogy for his fiction folk; no foil to project his brain children (of which he was the parent of some two thousand) upon the reader. These brain children were more real to him than were the living beings about him, until, like Tennyson's Prince, he no longer knew substance from shadow. They were, as he

once said, a part of himself " gone out into the shadowy world." He pictured them with such vividness that the impressions he meant to convey have become a part of the consciousness of the English-speaking races, and Inspector Bucket, " mildly studious in his observation of human nature, on the whole, a benignant philosopher not disposed to be severe upon the follies of mankind," walks out of Bleak House to greet us—a solid, rounded, living personality.

In his journey through the book, from the twenty-second chapter, wherein he appears so noiselessly and mysteriously in the dimly-lighted chambers of Mr. Tulkinghorn, much to the wonder and amazement of the mild and meek Mr. Snagsby, and in a moment has the timid law-stationer all sized up and is familiarly tapping him on the breast and telling him he is " a man of the world, you know, and a man of business, and a man of sense," to the sixty-second chapter in which he makes his exit from the tale with a cheerful good morning " and a look full of meaning, and a crook of his finger "—that same fat forefinger which is so much in consultation that " he puts it to his ears, and it whispers information ; he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy ; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent ; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction "—through all these pages Mr. Bucket plays his important part, and he plays it so well that he holds attention and enlivens the whole story from the moment he enters it until he exits at John Jarndyce's door.

In portraying the detective powers of Mr. Bucket, Dickens never tries to mystify the reader. He refrains from casting suspicion on everyone else in the story but the guilty person and then springing his climax by denouncing the one least suspected, which seems to be the formula of the present-day detective writer. If we read carefully between the lines we must realize that neither Mr. George or Lady Dedlock are guilty of the murder of Tulkinghorn. Some of us are perhaps a bit surprised when Bucket accuses Hortense, but we need not be. The author has prepared us for this in his forty-second chapter. " Think twice, before you come here again," warns the lawyer. " Think you," she answers, " twice two hundred times ! "

There are many scenes in the novels of Dickens wherein he permeates inanimate surroundings with the personalities of his characters, giving them such a tremendous subconscious existence that we cannot help regarding them as anything short of inspired. One is the wood and Montague Tigg, before his murder by Jonas Chuzzlewit ; another the marsh country of Pip's childhood, in *Great Expectations* ; a third is the terrible storm off Yarmouth, bringing in its wake death to Steerforth and Ham ; but it seems to me the most outstanding of all is that day and night of Lady Dedlock's flight and Bucket's pursuit of the forlorn and lonely figure " pelted by the snow and driven by the wind." " Full forgiveness. Find ——," Sir Leicester feebly writes on the slate. Through deserted city streets and frozen county roads and back to city streets again the alert and imperturbable Inspector unerringly tracks her. Baffled for a moment by the change of clothing, the next instant he picks up the trail again, " under a . . . dark and

miserable way, where one lamp is burning over an iron gate . . . marks this person down " where she lies " with one arm creeping round a bar of the gate " as near the grave of her lover as she can reach.

Who can read *Bleak House* and doubt that Inspector Bucket is the greatest detective of them all ?

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

By KATE WOODFIELD

"A HAPPY Christmas to you !" "A Happy Christmas !"

What a gladsome, jolly time it is ! With its approach, how our thoughts turn naturally to Dickens and his many delightful Christmas Stories. The ideas his writings engender in discerning minds prove him verily and indeed a prophet and a teacher of kindness and good will, linked for all time with that sacred joyous Festival.

In 1836 *The Pickwick Papers* commenced publication, and into that book Dickens put the story of Gabriel Grub, the sexton, who was taught by the goblins some useful lessons from life. In 1843 Dickens wrote *A Christmas Carol,* wherein Scrooge, the avaricious, grasping moneylender, learns *his* lessons from the three Christmas Spirits. Was it not on the foundations of that earlier story of Gabriel Grub that Dickens moulded and built his *Christmas Carol* and brought it to perfection ? The one was the child, as it were, and the other the adult, the fruit of riper years.

How many little pieces, how many small bricks go to the making of a perfect building, only the builder can determine. The onlooker sees merely the finished structure, little dreaming or seldom thinking of the years of patient study and work expended on even the minute details of its construction. Dickens the builder thinks nothing too small or unimportant if it tends to the completion and ultimate perfection of the whole.

At the time of our first introduction to them, Gabriel Grub and Ebenezer Scrooge are kindred spirits, both being cross-grained, morose, unpleasant individuals. But the influence of the goblins on the one, and of the Christmas Spirits on the other, change them so that they realize what a jolly, happy place the world really is if one looks upon it in the right way.

The goblin king takes Gabriel to the goblins' cavern under the earth, where he is shown pictures of a cheerful contented people who are happy because they work (the miserable Gabriel, hating work as he does, notes this with considerable surprise !), for they carry within their own breasts " the materials of happiness, contentment and peace. He sees that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labour, were cheerful and happy ; and that to the most ignorant, the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of

cheerfulness and joy." And, above all, he discovered that " men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth."

All this the goblins showed him, none too gently chastising him the while, and from the lessons he learned he is thereby converted into a better, happier and kindlier man.

But Gabriel lacked the courage of his convictions, for Dickens tells us : " He was an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to a place where his repentance would be scoffed at, and his reformation disbelieved. He hesitated for a few moments, and then turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere."

Poor Gabriel ! Converted, but ashamed to show or admit it, and lacking the courage to face the music and teach to others the happy and contented outlook he had himself learned somewhat late in the day!

Now, Ebenezer Scrooge, that " squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, covetous old sinner," had a reputation if possible more disagreeable and detestable than Gabriel's, though there is not much to choose between them. Dickens tells us that nobody ever stopped Scrooge in the street and greeted him with gladsome looks. No beggars ever implored *him* to bestow a trifle. No little children ever asked *him* what o'clock it was. " But what did he care ? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance . . ."

But after his experiences with the three Christmas Spirits—Past, Present and Future—what happens to Scrooge ?

They show him the shadows of his former self. He sees regretfully that he might have become a noble, kind and generous man, with happy wife and children surrounding him, making life a real joy. He sees many happy homes, as well as those under privations and trials, where the kindly Christian feelings of love and charity abound, and where the real Christmas Spirit abides, not only at the festive season, but all the year through, shedding its gladsome light on many a thorny pathway.

He learns also how infinitely better and far happier are those who carry in their hearts always the true spirit of Christmas ; how much more welcomed and more beloved they are everywhere ! He sees that men like himself miserably cumber the earth. He resolves henceforth to be kindly, neighbourly, charitable and generous ; to live in the Past, the Present, and the Future, and to honour Christmas in his heart, and try to keep it all the year.

Which is the better man, the nobler, more genuine convert ? Gabriel Grub, who flees from his neighbours to earn his bread where he is unknown, fearful that his altered manner would be ridiculed ; or Scrooge, who bravely faces his fellows, knowing full well that he will be an example for good to the whole of his small world ?

Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh and little heeded them. And evermore it was said of Scrooge that he knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed the knowledge !

MATTERS FOR PRIDE

IN the course of his weekly column in "The Sunday Times" of September 18th last, Mr. E. V. Lucas wrote: "The continued interest in Shakespeare and Dickens, our two greatest authors, is, at a time when English taste can now and then be despaired of, a sign of true health the value of which cannot be exaggerated; and I consider the publication of Mr. Dover Wilson's character study, 'The Essential Shakespeare,' 316 years after Shakespeare's death, a very significant thing, especially when we remember that Shakespeare has been written about and edited and re-written about and re-edited almost ever since he died."

After a short reference to Mr. Dover Wilson's book, Mr. Lucas continued: "This sense of pride, which is with one all the time as one reads 'The Essential Shakespeare,' is quickened again by the September issue of *The Dickensian*, one of the best numbers in its long career, reflecting the highest credit on Mr. Walter Dexter's editorial skill. *The Dickensian*, which began to be issued twenty-eight years ago, as a 'magazine for Dickens lovers,' has now reached its 224th appearance. That Shakespeare should have launched ten thousand pens is natural: there is, first of all, the sheer mystery of the man, the bewildering circumstance that from an almost bucolic Warwickshire family should spring such genius; there is then the text of the plays, susceptible to so much conjecture; the amazing universality of their appeal; their recondite references to be traced and disputed over. Here are nuts not yet fully cracked, and probably unlikely to be. But Dickens is different. Dickens lived in modern times of shorthand and photography; we know every minute of his life; he wrote revealing letters; there are no mysteries beyond the mystery that one brain could create so much. Yet such is the variety of his novels that sixty-two years after his death the 224th number of a magazine devoted to their study can run to many pages, closely printed and copiously illustrated, and every page containing something new. This is a monument, if you like: the continued prosperity of this periodical is a finer testimony to the glory and honour of its subject than any bronze or marble could be.

"Mr. Dover Wilson suggests that there was a period, during a bad theatrical season, when Shakespeare filled the post of tutor to a peer's children. I have always been astounded by the many ways in which Dickens, who, you would think, remembering that he wrote all his books with his own hand and then, in revision, practically re-wrote them, had no spare time at all, filled his spare time. The Letters which his conscientiousness, his courtesy or his affections prompted him to write, were long and numberless; he was always ready for a banquet; he travelled much on the Continent, at a date when travel was not too easy; he was devoted to private theatricals; he spoke in public; for a while he edited the 'Daily News.' A new letter in *The Dickensian* shows us that he also found time to practise hypnotism, by which the physical pains of his friends could be relieved. Here is a marvellous sympathetic untiring man!"

"In the new *Dickensian*, on the more literary side, the most entertaining and valuable articles, quite in the manner of the Shakespearean scholiasts, trace the sentimental songs quoted or mentioned in the novels—such as Dora's reference to the young gazelle —and clarify the confusion of Captain Cuttle's biblical texts. Thus: "If there is a lad of promise—one flowing with milk and honey—it's his nevvy' is a recollection of Exodus iii, 8, which overhaul. 'Wal'r is what you may call a outward and visible sign of a in'ard and spirited grasp, and when found make a note of' is a recollection, also misty, of the Book of Common Prayer."

THE DICKENS HOUSE

SINCE the publication of the list in the Spring (1932) Number of *The Dickensian*, the following have been received :—

Gifts to the Dickens House from end of January to end of September.

Presented by—	GIFTS.
Rt. Hon. Lord Wakefield .	Agreement between Ed. Banks and Charles Dickens for the renting of 48 Doughty Street.
Mrs. A. H. Cleaver . . .	Letter from Samuel Haydon to J. F. Dexter relative to the Bust of John Dickens.
Count de Suzannet . . .	Photo of Dickens resting in garden at Gadshill, inscribed by Carlyle.
Miss Helen Lacey . . .	Framed autograph letter from Charles Dickens to John Kenny.
Mr. E. Wolesley . . .	Counterfoil admission card to Dickens's reading at Dublin.
Mrs. Isaac Armitage . .	Various photographs of the Dickens family, and letter from Miss Georgina Hogarth relative thereto.

PHOTOGRAPHS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, ETC., from :—

Lady Dickens, Miss Sara Newton, Rev. E. W. Bridgewood, Mr. E. W. Brown, Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. E. Martin, Mr. John Presland, Mr. P. F. Skottowe.

Chatto and Windus ; Bernard Grasset ; John Lane, Ltd. ; John Murray ; The Richards Press, Ltd. ; and The Dickens Fellowship.

The donations during that period are as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Miss R. Pritherd	1	1	0
A. F. Harrison	3	3	0
Count de Suzannet	50	0	0
F. W. Ellis	2	2	0
J. Y. Watt	1	1	0
Mrs. Norman	5	0	0
Mrs. Peter Jones	0	10	0
Miss J. Reckitt	5	5	0
A. E. Sproul	0	5	0
Sir Frederick Macmillan ..	10	0	0
J. D. Billington	1	1	0
E. T. Ward	21	0	0
Sir George Sutton	20	0	0
Mrs. A. Garcke, in memory of John and James Withers..	10	10	0
Lt.Col. W. Laurence Gadd's List—			
Lecture, Whitstable Branch	0	10	6
Mr. Frank S. Johnson's List—			
Recital, Hither Green, per Miss Major	1	1	0
Mr. S. J. Rust's List—			
Lecture, Leyton Branch ..	1	1	0
Mr. A. W. Edwards' List—			
Per Mrs. Burningham ..	0	5	0
Ramble League of the Empire	1	1	0
Ramble Temple Tours ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. F. Young's List—			
Ramble	0	10	6

The Balance Sheet was printed in the last number of *The Dickensian* and I would like to draw special attention to the remarks by the Editor on Page 1 of this issue.

A. W. EDWARDS, *Hon. Secretary.*

PENNY PLAIN, TWOPENCE COLOURED*

THIS title sounds so Dickensian that many may not know that it owes its origin to that other great master, R. L. Stevenson. Yet there is so very much that is Dickensian in this Victorian amusement over which Mr. A. E. Wilson sings a swan-song with a real heart throb at its passing. But I cannot agree with him that the toy-theatre is dead with the youth of this country, killed by the wireless and the cinema. I have proof to the contrary. However that may be, the toy stage will never die with Dickensians since they know the pleasure it gave to the boy Charles, and the profit he undoubtedly derived from it; and there must be hundreds of our readers, who not being under fifty years of age, can recall the happy hours spent in staging "The Miller and His Men," and the anxieties of "the long-drawn disenchantment of an actual performance." These were thrills the cinema can never equal; the children of our time, if given the opportunity can also share in the delights described by Stevenson.

These delights were shared also by Dickens in his Wellington House Academy days as Forster's Life testifies; and there are sundry references in his works to his liking for the "Juvenile Drama."

Mr. Wilson goes thoroughly into the history of the toy theatre in this country, and gives his reasons for the decline of the pastime. The book is copiously illustrated with well chosen examples, most of which are the actual size of the originals, and some of them are of the two-penny variety.

So far as I have been able to discover, *Oliver Twist* is the only Dickens novel which has been specially adapted for the toy-theatre. One would have thought that *A Christmas Carol* would have proved a very welcome addition, with its ghost effects and adaptability to the use of coloured fire. The many dramatic incidents in *Oliver Twist* naturally make it particularly suitable for a "blood-and-thunder-drama." Pollock's version has no less than eighteen separate scenes, necessitating thirteen different scene-sets; it is certainly a marvel of conciseness (it can be read aloud in under half an hour), but is probably most remarkable in that it owes hardly a line to Dickens himself; see how commonplace is Act 2, Scene 4, "Roadside to London," where Oliver meets the Artful Dodger.

Dodger: Vot are you after?
Oliver Twist: I'm after nothing, sir.
Dodger: Isn't he jolly green? Is'pose you're running from the beaks, eh? You know what a beak is, I s'pose?
Oliver Twist: Oh yes, sir, the mouth of a bird.
Dodger: Why, a beak's a magistrate; but none o' your gammon. Do you mean to say you wos never on the mill?
Oliver Twist: You're a strange boy, and I hope a good one.
Dodger: Good as gold. They call me the Artful Dodger. Where *I* live *you* shall live if you like. Going to London?
Oliver Twist: Yes.

* Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured," by A. E. Wilson. Illustrated. 21s. Geo. C. Harrap and Co., Ltd.

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OLIVI
6 Plates Char
and 13 Sc
With Boo
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Mrs Corney
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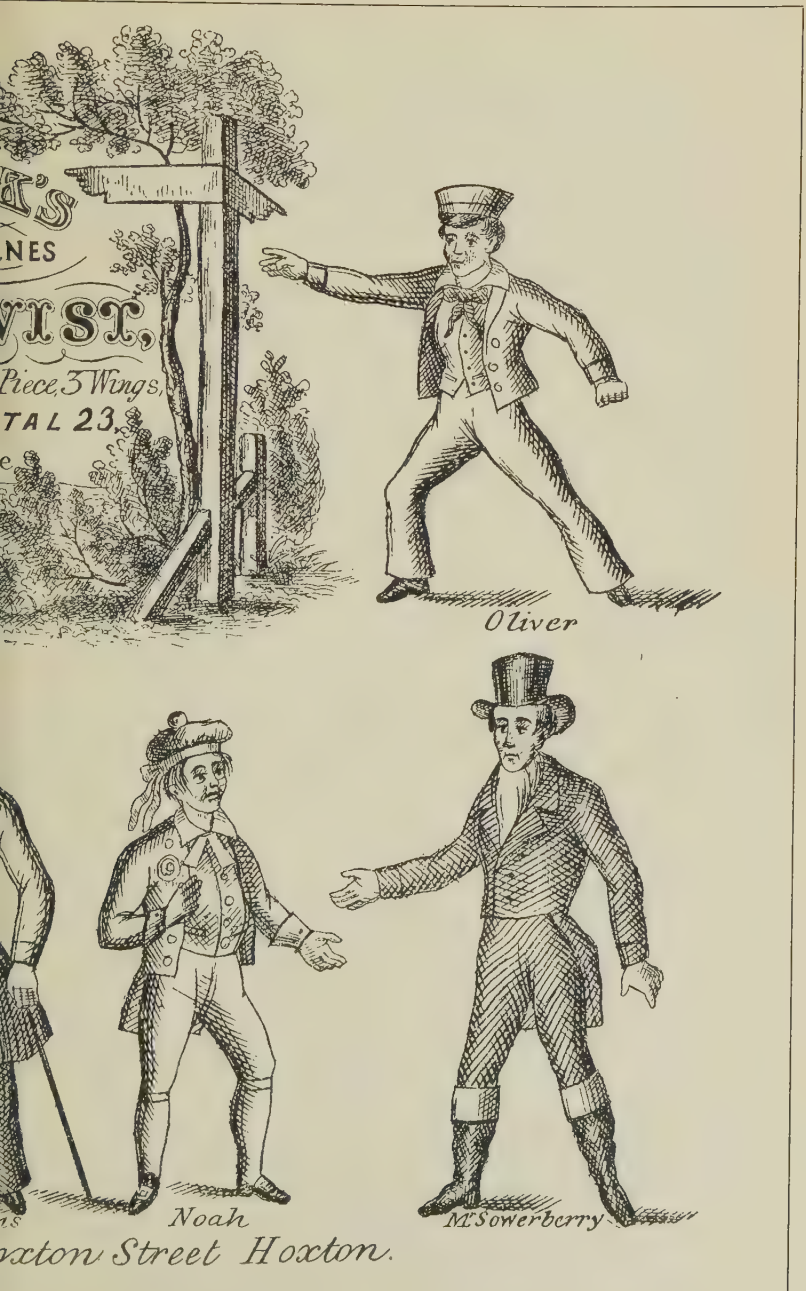

Oliver
Noah
M.r Sowerberry
oxton Street Hoxton.

Dodger: Got any money ?
Oliver Twist: No.
Dodger: Well I'm blest if you ain't hard up. I knows a 'spectable old gentleman in London who'll give you lodgings for nothing, and don't he know *me* ? Oh no, not at all neither. There, cut away, my covey. Exit both.

Mr. Wilson does not comment on this Dickens Juvenile Drama, and as my readers will, no doubt, like to supplement the book, I reproduce herewith in full size facsimile the first of the six plates of characters, from my own collection. Mr. Wilson discloses that George Cruikshank worked for some of the early nineteenth century toy-theatre makers ; but he did not work for either Pollock or Reddington who preceded him and whose name appears on all the sheets of my *Oliver Twist* drama with the exception of the first one. These pictures have given me many a hearty laugh, but in justice to Mr. Reddington I must say that the scenes specially drawn for the play possess a much higher degree of merit. In case any reader should wonder who Mr. Burns is, I would add that this is the name given to the magistrate who refused to sign Oliver's indentures of apprenticeship to the chimney-sweep.—W. D.

LOCAL EVENTS IN THE DAYS OF DROOD

BY JOHN Y. WATT

MY friend Mr. Percy T. Carden has, I think, proved conclusively that the years which Dickens had in view in writing his last novel were 1842 and 1843, principally because in 1842 Christmas Day fell upon a Sunday, and the rising and setting of the moon on the 24th December were at times which agreed with the conditions mentioned by Dickens ; because the existence of the railway can be settled beyond a shadow of a doubt, because certain buildings in the neighbourhood of Staple Inn were not built, and because London Bridge Station was not finished, as proved by Mr. Carden by a quotation from the British Almanac of the year 1842. One other date also might have been quoted. In Chapter XXIII we are told that Jasper " repairs . . . to a hybrid hotel in a little square behind Aldersgate Street, near the General Post Office. It is hotel, boarding-house, or lodging-house, at its visitor's option. It announces itself, in the new Railway Advertisers, as a novel enterprise . . . (where he may) have bed, breakfast, attendance, and a porter up all night, for a certain fixed charge." Now the first issue of Bradshaw was in October, 1839, and we learn still more about that little hotel in an article which appeared in " Household Words " of 26th October, 1850, entitled " Lively Turtle " : " I go to Mrs. Skim's Private Hotel and Commercial Lodging-house near Aldersgate Street, City (it is advertised in Bradshaw's Railway Guide, where I first found it), and there I pay for bed and breakfast, with meat two and ninepence per day, including servants . . ." There it was that the Opium Woman (not old, be it observed, for Dickens never calls her that ; in begging she once, and once only, dubs herself a " poor old soul ") gets information about the movements of " the

gentleman from Cloisterham." *En passant*, too, another tit-bit about the "poor soul." If those of the critics who advocate the Eastern derivation of John Jasper (whether the real or a pretended person) insist that he was acquainted with the languages of the East, we must allow the opium woman at least some knowledge of the same languages, for she tells Jasper in the opium den in the first Chapter, "Few Chinamen about the Docks, and fewer Lascars, and no ship coming in, *these say.*" Either the said addicts of hers spoke the language of the sea, a sort of English, which she could understand, or she was acquainted with their own native languages.

But to our Kentish papers, which numbered in the early "Forties" some half dozen: "The Maidstone Journal and Kentish Advertiser," "The Rochester, Chatham and Strood Gazette," "The Kentish Mercury," "The Kent and Sussex Advertiser," are those which have been drawn upon for the following items of news:

1840.

May 19.—Vagrancy Act. "As the prisoner was much puzzled how to answer consistently the enquiries as to the places he had lately visited, he was committed to the House of Correction to hard labour" (*i.e.* the treadmill).

June 2.—Vagrants sent to the treadmill for "lodging in a shed and not giving a good account of themselves . . . committed to the House of Correction for a month as common rogues."

June 2.—The First Fruits of Chartism. "The gathering of the first fruits from the Upas Tree of Chartism, the young scion of Whig-Radicalism commences on Monday next in the town of Birmingham. The rate to be appropriate (for damages done in the Riots) amounted to £25,920."

1842.

Jan. 18.—Forthcoming christening of the Prince of Wales. "Joy will abound in every quarter of the City." (Rochester.)

Jan. 25.—Gravesend and Rochester Railway. Advertisement of proposed application to Parliament for power to convert the canal into a railway.

Feb. 1.—Vagrant sent to the House of Correction for one month with hard labour for stealing turnip tops to a value of ten shillings.

Feb. 26.—Mention of the Railway Bill for making the line from Gravesend to Strood to a point "at or near the banks of the River Medway in the parish of Frindsbury."

March 8.—Dickens in America. "Now if all this tomfoolery does not tickle John Bull amazingly, we are much mistaken."

March 15.—Transportation. 250 convicts embarked at Sheerness for New South Wales. Mr. W. Uhrstrom in *The Dickensian*, Part 217, p. 47, states that transportation to New South Wales ceased in 1840. Who shall decide?

May 28.—South Eastern Railway Time-table. Train service ran from London Bridge through Godstone and Penshurst to Tunbridge. "Post-horses waiting at London Bridge Station for all up trains."

June 7.—Rochester. Two grand concerts. Bevilacqua and Signor Borrani among the artists.

June 11.—New Time-table. Line now extended; four trains daily

each way ; two on Sundays. London Bridge, etc., Maidstone Road (now Paddock Wood—then the station for Rochester to which Joe's bus plied), Marden and Headcorn.

June 14.—" Black-eyed Susan " at the Theatre Royal, Rochester.

July 12.—Schools reopen on July 18th.

Aug. 16.—Grand Morning Concert at Rochester. Signor Nigri, Signor Puzzi and Signor Rubini.

Aug. 20.—Royal Proclamation against Chartist Rioters.

Aug. 27.—New Time-table. Fares ; London Bridge to Maidstone Road. First Class, 7/6 ; Second Class, 5/- ; Third Class passengers only conveyed to and from New Cross, fare 2/6 single. Omnibus from the George and Gate, Gracechurch Street, to meet all down trains. Up trains at 7.33, 9.8, 11.18, 2.48, 4.48, 6.38. Down trains arrive at Maidstone Road at 9.35, 11.20, 12.35, 3.30, 5.50, 8.20. Rosa travelled up by the last train, getting to London at 8.45. Crisparkle travelled up by the first, arriving at London Bridge at 9.40, and reached Staple Inn as we know at ten o'clock. The opium woman expected Jasper's arrival about 9 o'clock, so that he travelled down by the last train.

Sept. 13.—Rochester and Chatham Races. Mr. Dockeray's horse " Pickwick," ran (Sept. 8th). Note that on December 13th there is a record of the dismissal of six police, one of whom is called Darch. (Dockeray, Darch, Darcheray, Datchery ?).

Nov. 8.—Royal Progress through Kent. The Royal travelling carriages passed through Rochester, and were delayed by lack of horses there. " The streets were decorated with numerous flags." Salute of twenty-one guns fired at the Custom House. At Canterbury " with that consideration that often marks Her Majesty in her public journies the nurses were desired to hold one child towards each side of the carriage." (*i.e.* the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal.). " The Queen's intention to afford her royal offspring the benefit of the pure sea-breezes on the Dover coast " . . . " The infant prince and princess seemed quite lively and robust."

Dec. 27.—Rochester Grammar School reopens January 26th, 1843.

1843.

Jan. 10.—Lecture on Mesmerism. " Effects are due to . . . the power which the operator possesses over the patient by means of his eye . . . " (Thus Jasper.)

Jan. 17.—An item in which Dickens would have revelled. Religious Instruction by Treadmill. " Mr. Gardiner, the Bristol gaoler, has devised an improvement on the treatment . . . Each step brings a letter or word into view and thus the convict learns to read." " By degrees," says a contemporary, " they become able to read a chapter of the Bible."

Train service extended to Ashford.

July 4.—Train service extended to within seven miles of Dover.

July 25.—Rochester Grammar School reopens on August 7th.

Aug. 15.—New Time-table. Maidstone Road up, 7.42, 8.41, 11.15, 1.17, 4.20, 8.12, 9.50. Down arrive at 9.50, 11.41, 1.22, 3.41, 6.11, 7.41, 10.25.

Dec. 31.—The first train ran from Gravesend to Strood in 22 minutes. The line expected to open early in the following week.

SENTIMENTAL SONGS IN DICKENS

By J. W. T. LEY

(*continued from page* 321, *volume xxviii*

In the *First of May* is described a stroll which took Dickens to Maiden Lane " with the intention of passing through the extensive colony lying between it and Battle-bridge . . . . . through which colony we should have passed, without stopping or interruption, if a little crowd gathered round a shed had not attracted our attention, and induced us to pause." Then he proceeds : " When we say a ' shed,' we do not mean the conservatory sort of building, which, according to the old song, Love tenanted when he was a young man."

Here we have a rather obscure reference to one of Tom Moore's lesser known songs. It is the first song in " M.P., or the Blue Stocking."

Young Love liv'd once in a humble shed,
Where roses were breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers ;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

When Mr. Alfred Tompkins announced his attention to ride down to Richmond for the day, Mr. Wisbottle hummed " Flow on, thou shining river." This is a Portuguese air to which Tom Moore wrote the following lines—

Flow on, thou shining river ;
But, ere thou reach the sea
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their courses to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

When Uriah Heep revealed to David his plan to marry Agnes, he said :—

If you'll have the goodness to keep my secret, Master Copperfield, and not, in general, to go against me, I shall take it as a particular favour. You wouldn't wish to make unpleasantness. I know what a friendly heart you've got ; but having only known me on my umble footing (on my very umblest, I should say, for I am very umble still), you might, unbeknown, go against me rather with my Agnes. I call her mine, you see, Master Copperfield. There's a

song that says, 'I'd crowns resign to call her mine!' I hope to do it, one of these days.

The villian was quoting the famous song "The Lass of Richmond Hill,"—

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids' surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smile so sweet,
Has won my right good-will,
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
"I'd die for her I love."

This lass so sweet, etc.

In a letter to Forster in which Dickens pursued his joke which so bewildered Landor about his being in love with the Queen, there appears a parody of a well known song. "I have been reading *Oliver*, *Pickwick*, and *Nickleby*," he writes, "to get my thoughts together for the new effort, but all in vain:

My heart is at Windsor,
My heart isn't here;
My heart is at Windsor,
A-following my dear."

Of course, the song parodied is to be found in every edition of Burns, though Mr. Lightwood tells that the words are only partly by the poet. The tune is "Failte na Miosg," and the title of the song is "My Heart's in the Highlands." There is a reference to it in *Sketches by Boz*—"The Streets by Night." In this we are introduced to a harmonic meeting, where, "in a lofty room of spacious dimensions, are seated some eighty or a hundred guests knocking little pewter measures on the tables, and hammering away with the handles of their knives, as if they were so many trunk makers."

The little man in the chair is a most amusing personage—*such* condescending grandeur, and *such* a voice! "Bass!" as the young gentleman near us with the blue stock forcibly remarks to his companion, "bass!" I b'lieve you; he can go down lower than any man; so low sometimes that you can't hear him! And so he does. To hear him growling away, gradually lower and lower down, till he can't get back again, is the most delightful thing in the world, and it is quite impossible to witness unmoved the impressive solemnity with which he pours forth his soul in "My 'art's in the 'ighlands" or "The brave old Hoak." The stout man is also addicted to sentimentality and warbles "Fly, fly from the world, my Bessy with me" or some such song, with ladylike sweetness, and in the most seductive tones imaginable.

To "The Brave old Oak" a rather special interest attaches, for the words are by H. F. Chorley, best known as a musical critic, but also the author of several songs popular in their day, and not all of them forgotten yet. Chorley was well under thirty when *Sketches by Boz* appeared in volume form, so that this particular song was one of his earliest works. The setting was by F. J. Loder. It is interesting that Dickens should have quoted one of his songs in almost the first thing he ever wrote, for they were destined to become great friends; in fact, Dickens was to find in Chorley a veritable idolator. Among all the big circle of his friends, there was none who so worshipped Dickens as this saddened man who found in his friendship with the novelist almost the only cheerful influence of his life. When Dickens died Chorley was heart-broken. He asked Mamie for a branch off each of the famous cedar trees at Gadshill, and when he died two years later these were placed either side of him in his coffin. Here is the first verse of the song under notice—

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out,
For he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
Still flourish he, a hale old tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

The third song sung by the stout man is one of Moore's juvenile poems. It will be noted that Dickens misquotes. Bessy is exhorted to fly *to* the port, and not with him.

Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou wilt never find any sincerer.
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer.
Then tell me no more with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censur'd by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any!

"I've been a cellarman all my life through," said Joey Ladle, "with my mind fully given to the business. What's the consequence? I'm as muddled a man as lives—and you won't find a muddleder man than me—nor yet you won't find my equal in mollolcolly. Sing of Filling the bumper fair, Every drop you sprinkle, O'er the brow of care, Smoothes away a wrinkle? Yes. P'raps so. But try filling yourself through the pores, underground, when you don't want to it!"

Tom Moore again! One of the Irish Melodies—

Fill the bumper fair !
  Every drop you sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
  Smoothes away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
  Ne'r so swiftly passes,
As when thro' thy frame
  It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair !
  Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
  Smoothes away a wrinkle.

In several of his letters from Broadstairs, Dickens describes himself as being " By the sad sea waves." The allusion is to a song from the opera " The Brides of Venice." It was very popular right down until the 'nineties of last century, but it is only occasionally found in song books now.

By the sad sea waves I listen awhile they moan
A lament o'er the graves of hope and pleasure gone.
I am young, I was fair, I had once not a care
From the rising of the morn to the setting of the sun ;
Yet I pine like a slave by the sad sea wave.

From my cave last night, by holy sleep beguiled,
In the fair dream my home upon me smiled,
Oh, sweet mid the dew every flower that I knew,
Wreathed a welcome back to the worn and weary child.
I awake in my grave by the sad sea wave,
Come again, bright dream, so peacefully that smiled.

The third *Uncommercial Traveller* paper is entitled " Wapping Workhouse." After describing his walk from Covent Garden to the Commercial Road, Dickens tells us that he at last began to file off to the right towards Wapping, and then he says—

> Not that I intended to take boat at Wapping Old Stairs, or that I was going to look at the locality, because I believe (for I don't) in the constancy of the young woman who told her sea-going lover, to such a beautiful tune, that she had ever continued the same, since she gave him the 'baccer-box marked with his name : I am afraid he usually got the worst of those transactions, and was frightfully taken in.

This is a reference to Percy's song, which was very popular in those days, but is nearly forgotten now.

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
When I said that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacca-box marked with my name.
When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew ?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas, I staid,
For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the mall,
With Susan of Deptford, and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood, your unkindness to bear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall or should Susan than me be more prized ?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should n'er be despised.
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake.
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

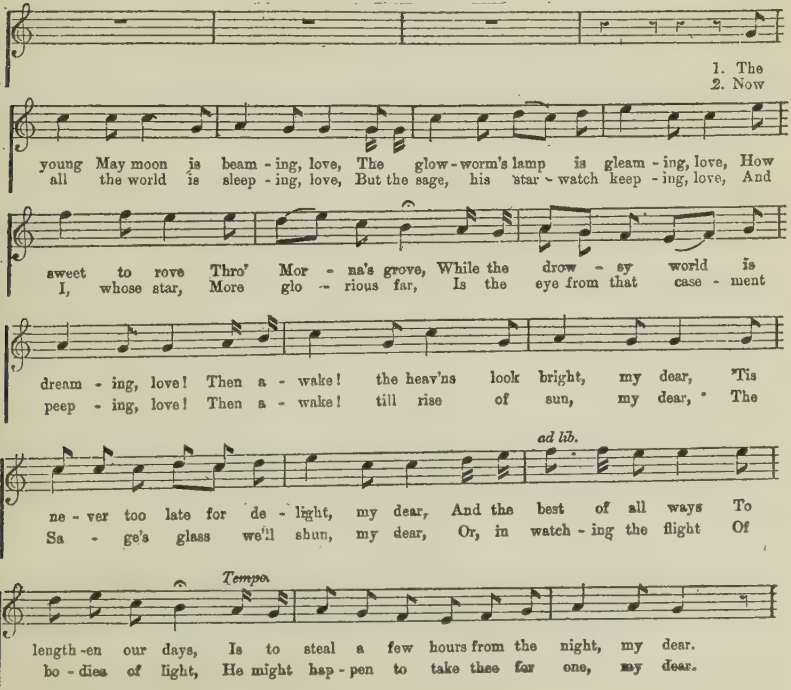
Why Dickens took so cynical a view of the lady's protestations, he did not explain. It will be noted that he is in error in saying that the 'baccer box was inscribed with Tom's name.

Mr. Harold Skimpole resembled Tom Moore in that he "played what he composed with taste," but he did not confine himself to his own compositions. On one occasion, at any rate, we read of his going to the piano (at eleven o'clock at night) and rattling :

That the best of all ways to lengthen our days
Was to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !

This was one of the best known productions of the poet and composer whom he resembled in the quality just mentioned. One verse will suffice—

The young May moon


THOMAS MOORE.
AIR.—"THE DANDY O!"
1. The
2. Now
young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How
all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And
sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment
dream - ing, love! Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear, 'Tis
peep - ing, love! Then a - wake! till rise of sun, my dear, The
ad lib.
ne - ver too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
Sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in watch - ing the flight Of
Tempo.
length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.
bo - dies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love !
Then awake—the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !

" We shall miss you, Jasper, at the ' Alternate Musical Wednesdays ' to-night ; but no doubt you are best at home. Good-night. God bless you ! 'tell me, shep-herds, te-e-ll me ; tell me-e-e, have you seen (have you seen, have you seen, have you seen) my-y-y Flo-o-ora pass this way.' " Melodiously good Minor Canon Crisparkle thus delivers himself, as he withdraws his amiable face from the doorway and conveys it downstairs. He was singing a snatch from the pastoral glee for three voices which was composed by J. Mazzinghi. It has the alternative title " The Wreath." At one time it enjoyed much popularity.

Ye shepherds, tell me have you seen
My Flora pass this way ?
In shape and feature beauty's Queen,
In pastoral array.

Chorus.
Shepherds, tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way ?

A wreath around her head she wore,
Carnation, lily, rose,
And in her hand a crook she bore,
And sweets her breath compose.

The beauteous wreath that decks her head,
Forms her description true.
Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
And cheeks of rosy hue.

Visiting the Micawbers in their lodgings near the top of Gray's Inn Road, David and Traddles learned that Mr. Micawber was about to enter the office of Wickfield and Heep. Something had turned up, and Mrs. Micawber discussed the possibility of her husband some day becoming Lord Chancellor. His comment on that was that he was at least prepared externally for such an office ; that he might have been deprived of his hair for the specific purpose of some day wearing a wig. He proceeded to inform the friend and companion of his youth that it was his intention to educate his son for the Church. " Yes, he has a remarkable head-voice, and will commence as a chorister. Our residence at Canterbury, and our local connexion, will, no doubt, enable him to take advantage of any vacancy that may arise in the Cathedral corps."

David's comment is: "On looking at Master Micawber again, I saw that he had a certain expression of face, as if his voice were behind his eyebrows; where it presently appeared to be, on his singing us (as an alternative between that and bed), 'The Woodpecker tapping.'"

This now-forgotten song of Moore's—it must be many years since it was sung anywhere—is mentioned in an earlier book. From the distant shop of Mr. Mould's a pleasant sound of coffin-making arose with a low melodious hammer, rat, tat, tat, tat, alike promoting slumber and digestion.

> "Quite the buzz of insects," said Mr. Mould, closing his eyes in a perfect luxury. "It puts me in mind of the sound of animated nature in the agricultural districts. It's exactly like a woodpecker tapping."
>
> "The woodpecker tapping the hollow *elm* tree," observed Mrs. Mould, adapting the words of the popular melody to the description of wood commonly used in the trade.
>
> "Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Mould. "Not at all bad, my dear. We shall be glad to hear from you again. Mr. M. Hollow elm tree, eh? Ha, ha! Very good indeed. I've seen worse than that in the Sunday papers, my love . . . . . Hollow *elm* tree, eh? . . . . . It's beech in the song. Elm, eh? Yes, to be sure. Ha, ha, ha! . . . . . ?

Mr. James Lightwood suggests an earlier reference still—in *Sketches by Boz*; but surely it is a little far fetched to see in a tapping "which would have beaten any dozen woodpeckers hollow" an allusion to this song. Flora Finching makes a direct reference to it, the words being printed with initial capitals—

"'Papa' she said, all mystery and whisper, as she shut down the tea-pot lid, 'is sitting prosingly breaking his new laid egg in the back parlour over the City article, exactly like the Woodpecker Tapping, and need never know that you are here . . .'"

"The Woodpecker Tapping" is simply the title given to the song which consists of a couple of verses from one of Moore's "Poems Relating to America." The poem itself is printed under the heading "Ballad Stanzas," and is as follows:—

> I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
> Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
> And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
> A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"
>
> It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
> In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
> Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
> But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.
>
> And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
> "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
> Who would blush if I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd
> How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon somach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

In "The Last Cab-Driver, and the First Omnibus Cab," Dickens describes the red cab-driver knocking a fare down and then calling for the police to take himself into custody. Shortly afterwards, "we went over the House of Correction for the County of Middlesex to witness the operation of the silent system; and looked on all the 'wheels' with the greatest anxiety, in search of our long-lost friend." He was nowhere to be seen, but presently "we were startled by hearing a voice, which apparently proceeded from the wall, pouring forth its soul in the plaintive air of 'All round my hat,' which was then just beginning to form a recognised portion of our national music."

We started—"What voice is that?" said we.
The Governor shook his head.
"Sad fellow," he replied, "very sad. He positively refused to work on the wheel; so, after many trials, I was compelled to order him into solitary confinement. He says he likes it very much though, and I am afraid he does, for he lies on his back on the floor, and sings comic songs all day."

Clearly he varied his programme on occasion, for "All round my hat" cannot be described as a comic song, though about the words, when divorced from the music, there is a suggestion of inanity calculated to produce a smile. According to Dickens's statement, the song was new in the mid 'thirties of last century. It had a good run of popularity, which was revived in more recent times when Dame Clara Butt included it in her repertory. The copy which I have "as sung by Dame Clara Butt" describes it as a "traditional song," which suggests that it is much older than Dickens thought:

All round my hat I will wear a green willow,
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;
If anybody asks me the reason why I wear it,
It's all because my true love is far, far away.

My love he was true, and my love he was kind too,
And many were the happy hours between my love and me
I never could refuse him whatever he'd a mind to;
But now he's far away, far across the stormy sea.

So all round my hat I will wear a green willow,
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;
If anybody asks me the reason why I wear it,
It's all because my true love is far, far away.

In going through these songs one has been struck over and over again by ineptitude which characterises about seventy-five per cent. of them. Apart from certain of the patriotic songs—one or two of these do rise to a high level—it seems to me that all things considered, the comic songs are really the best. Many of these are utterly absurd, but that very absurdity was deliberate, and is not subject for criticism.

VANISHED DICKENS'S LONDON

FURNIVAL'S INN

"THERE are snug chambers in those Inns where the bachelors live, and for the desolate fellows they pretend to be, it is quite surprising how well they get on. . . . There is little enough to see in Furnival's Inn. It is a shady, quiet place, echoing to the foot-steps of the stragglers who have business there; and rather monotonous and gloomy on summer evenings." (*Martin Chuzzlewit.*) Dickens lived

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Their very absurdity, when they were sung by clever comedians, ensured the fulfilment of their purpose. The sentimental songs in almost all cases depended upon their music. Very few of them indeed could stand for long on the merit of their words. The last song I have quoted is thoroughly typical. The idea of a young lady wearing a green willow round her hat for 365 –or possibly 366—days because her lover has gone away is merely absurd. Several of Tom Moore's songs that have been quoted make precious little more sense when analysed, and set to less melodious music, would not have achieved the success that they did. The fact is that our popular songs in all generations are poor stuff in themselves. The comic ones depend almost wholly on the personality of the singer, and are generally written with an eye to his peculiar gifts or mannerisms. For instance, "Jim Crow" called for a wild abandon. A Mark Sheridan could never have made it a roaring success, though he could do that for "I do love to be beside the seaside." Nor is it easy to picture Wilkie Bard "jumping Jim Crow," while the man who could hold huge audiences with such an absurdity as "the sea shells on the sea shore," or "How d'ye do d'ye, present day to-morrow, if it rains I think it will be wet" would probably have been able to do the same with "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," and Mark Sheridan might have been successful with such a song as "Tamaroo." These songs entirely depend on the singer. Some of them, like "Two Lovely Black Eyes," are helped by their tunes, but only in a secondary way. When we come to the sentimental songs, however, the position is reversed. Not even Dame Clara Butt would be able to make a success of "All Round my Hat" if it were not set to a tuneful melody. So with many of Tom Moore's songs. The words matter not much. The singer matters a little, but it is the dreamy sentimental air that decides. We have all more of the maudlin in us than we generally like to admit. Hardly any of the sentimental songs that I have quoted are worth a second reading. But this does not apply to the songs of the Victorian era only. It applies in all eras. The songs of the past quarters of a century have not been in any degree superior. So long as we are given a somewhat dreamy, and rather drawn out tune, which gives us a comforting feeling of sloppiness we are content. As, I think, Wilkie Bard used to say, we all like to feel "Half dead with joy at being so miserable."

Just one word in conclusion. I have not quoted all the songs that I have found mentioned in Dickens, but I am quite sure that I have missed some allusions. If any reader of this magazine can furnish me with any that I have missed I shall be most grateful.

Continued from previous page.

in chambers here shown on the left of the accompanying photograph at No. 13 in December, 1834, and at No. 15 from December, 1835, to March, 1837. Here he "thought of Mr. Pickwick." John Westlock in *Martin Chuzzlewit* had chambers here also, and in later years Mr. Grewgious found accommodation for Rosa Bud at the Hotel which stood within the Inn, whence came the "flying waiter" (*Edwin Drood*).

FAULTS THAT ADDS LUSTRE

By S. J. RUST

IN a little back room in Hatton Garden an old Dutchman was carefully examining some pearls, while two other men watched him anxiously. At last he looked up and said, "These gems are false." At that the man who had manufactured them exclaimed, "I defy you to point out a fault in a single one of them." The old Jew smiled, as he replied, "It is because they have no faults that I know them not to be real gems."

This is true of literary gems. The faultless work is that of a plodder who lacks genius. The fault may often give a new angle of reflection, or an unexpected iridescence, which adds to the charm of the real gem. So when those awful and awe-inspiring people—the literary critics—begin to point out the faults of Dickens, I am not vexed, but I try to discover where lies the new beauty these faults produce.

I wish it to be quite clear that I am not denying that they are faults. If I see a violinist holding his bow in a way which no great fiddler ever held it, I consider it a fault. If he brings out sweeter music than I have ever heard a violinist produce, I still consider it a fault, but I claim that he is a great violinist in spite of—or possibly because of—that fault.

Perhaps the most commonly condemned fault of Dickens is the want of construction of his early books. Most architects have the plans of their erections complete before the foundations are dug out. If we met with one who merely planned the foundations, saying that by the time they were completed he would be ready with the plans for the ground floor, we should say that he was asking for failure. Yet I doubt whether Dickens knew two numbers ahead what Pickwick would be doing. *The Old Curiosity Shop* began as "The Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey"; but soon Little Nell and Dick Swiveller ran away with Dickens's pen and left Master Humphrey behind—forgotten. *Nicholas Nickleby* is nebulous in plot. In fact, all Dickens's earlier books show that he started with but the merest sketch of a plot, and trusted to his genius to develop it. In his later works there is more construction, but we still feel that, if he is in the humour, he will neglect his plot to run on some interesting side track with one of his characters.

The outstanding result of this want of construction is that the books seem more lifelike. However we may endeavour to plan our lives, we can never be sure of what we may be doing two months hence. However carefully we may have mapped out our careers, the ever-changing world, the international and national political outlook, those with whom we come into contact, and many other factors, may make us modify them. However lustily we may sing "I am the Captain of my Soul," we are wiser if we mould our lives to our environment. Hence the novel where the author has planned all that his characters shall do and say, appears to deal only with puppets; while Pickwick, Dick Swiveller and Mrs. Gamp are chock-full of life.

A further outcome of this want of construction is the feeling that the author does not really know his characters. Like us he gets to know them better as the book proceeds ; and, like many other people in life, they improve with further acquaintance.

Pickwick is introduced to us as a retired business man, who dabbles in science, and has rather a short temper. When we get to know him better, we find him a kind-hearted man, fond of good living, far too easy-going to trouble about unimportant phases of natural philosophy, and one who could never have run any business successfully. Dick Swiveller, Sam Weller and Micawber all improve with acquaintance ; but I should like to point out an example from another author. A hundred years before Dickens's time, a Whig Secretary of State, Joseph Addison, set out to depict a Tory fox-hunting squire. Again there was no constructive plot. The result was that, so far from converting Tories to Whiggery, Sir Roger de Coverley converted Addison to a greater tolerance of Toryism. With Addison, as with Dickens, the heart was proving stronger than the head. If, however, every member of the reading public were to name the two most lovable fictitious characters, I venture to say that Samuel Pickwick and Roger de Coverley would come high in the list.

Another result of the lack of construction is the waste of characters. Who, having planned a book, and having created a masterpiece like Buzfuz, would have been content to use him for one short scene only ? But Dickens is so sure of himself, so certain of his inventive power, that when next he needs a barrister he brings in Solomon Pell and does not resurrect Buzfuz. It is interesting to note how many of his most delightful characters, such as the waiter who ate little David Copperfield's dinner, pass by after one brief meeting. Is this not true to life ? How often someone, whom we meet but once, has more influence on our lives than others with whom we are in daily contact !

A second fault of which Dickens is accused is that his best characters are but caricatures. Let us be certain what type of picture the word "caricature" calls up. It makes one think of old pictures by Tenniel, Furniss and Gould when they added a fraction of an inch to Gladstone's collars, or Joseph Chamberlain's nose, or Arthur Balfour's neck, or Tichborne's plimsoll line, so that when we saw these people in the flesh, we knew them better than we should have done had we seen only photographs. Such caricatures require delicate art. A little more exaggeration and we get the grotesque. But I do not think that Dickens gave this type of caricature. I do not agree that Micawber was a caricature of his father, nor Mrs. Nickleby of his mother. There is a second type of caricature—the portrayal of a class. Here the caricaturist seizes upon certain characteristics of all individuals of that class and emphasises them, as Dickens emphasised his mother's tendency to digression in making Mrs. Nickleby a type of inconsequent gossip ; and similarly emphasised his father's style of talk in making Micawber a type of volatile gossip. These caricatures, if presented by genius, are more true to the class depicted than any real member of that class. This may sound an exaggeration ; but

try to imagine that a Fleet Street editor sent out his most competent photographer to secure pictures of the two most typical slum children. Do you think he would get such "typical" examples as the Bisto kids? Do you think any single live woman is so typical of a certain type of cantankerous female as Mrs. Buggins's Aunt Maria? Most of us are so unobservant that we cannot accurately describe those whom we have seen daily; but your caricaturist seizes upon the outstanding features and forces us to notice them.

One defect of this caricature is that these characters are so strongly drawn that others which are more truly portraits appear to be weak in comparison, just as Florence Dombey appears weak beside Susan Nipper.

Another defect appears to be that people forget that these are characters of flesh and blood, and expect them always to act as caricatures. An artist once complained that because he drew a stout policeman with a red face blowing a whistle, the public refused to believe that it was possible for that policeman to exist unless he were blowing his whistle. This appears to be the case when certain great Dickensians, for whose opinion I have the highest respect, declare that Mr. Micawber could, or should, never have been successful, or that they do not believe in the sudden reform of Mrs. Gummidge. Why should Micawber not be successful—in Australia. At the middle of the nineteenth century there was a plethora of men of his type—men of integrity with some pretensions to education—in England; but Australia had a great want of men—of that type in particular. As for Mr. Micawber being uninteresting as a successful man, he is the one sequel I would like Dickens to have written. I can imagine him as a magistrate sentencing a pickpocket: "The Bard has told us that he who steals my purse steals trash. For all that, he puts me in an awkward predicament. I am for the time unable to secure that refreshment solid or liquid necessary to man's existence. I must walk where I fain would ride. It is, therefore, incumbent upon me to ensure that you be confined in one of those establishments which stone walls do not make, but which will be sufficiently solid to prevent you from, for a period at least, embarrassing your fellow citizens of this glorious Empire on which the sun never sets—in short, fourteen days."

Mrs. Gummidge is typical of a class whom Dickens loved to portray —those who glory in their own misfortunes. These may do so, like Mrs. Wititterly, because they think the misfortunes add to their gentility; or, like Mrs. Gummidge, because it is their one claim to be noticed by their neighbours. I think the class is fairly common. I remember my father's delight when his new wagoner's wife had told him that her "Linda did so enjoy bad health." But we soon found that this was literally true. Linda was one of those colourless, insipid young women, who would have been absolutely ignored, but that her want of health made her something of a heroine. Everyone seemed to be interested with the various complaints she had, and to see the pills for this part of her anatomy, and the pills for that, until my

young brother wondered how the little beggars knew which way they had to roll. Now the autumn of 1914 saw many a Mrs. Wititterly's delicacy fall away as she joined a V.A.D., and became at once gloriously helpful and vulgarly robust; and is it too much to expect that Mrs. Gummidge, by no means a bad woman, should throw off her pose of the heroine of "contrairies," when she found one whose misfortunes were so much greater than her own?

The other fault of Dickens with which I choose to deal is the fact that he does not depict any great person. His works contain no great general, nor admiral, nor statesman, nor artist, nor author. From a House of Commons rich in great figures he chooses Gregsbury and Gradgrind. From a House of Lords which contained Wellington and Melbourne and Palmerston, he chooses Lord Feenix. He shows the French Revolution, not as planned by idealists, but as indicative of the revenge of the keeper of a small wine shop. In the place of a noble-minded Frenchman going defiantly to the guillotine, he shows an English spendthrift who yet makes it an instrument of canonisation. Instead of a noble and beautiful aristocrat going to what was intended to be an ignoble death, as though it were the life of fashion, he sends a little seamstress to portray all that was most beautiful, as well as all that was most repulsive, in that Revolution.

Some incompetent critics have referred to this fault of Dickens by saying that he could not portray a gentleman. The truth is that he saw that the great would never want for an apologist. It was his rôle to show that there was a nobility in the lives of many of the poor and obscure, which made the dividing line between the great and the small a very narrow one.

But Dickens not only ignores great people, he also ignores great events. He describes an election in 1827, yet says nothing about the political issues. We are left to guess the views of Sir Samuel Slumkey upon the Catholic Disabilities, or those of Horatio Fizkin on the Parliamentary Reform. We are merely told to shout with the largest mob. Dickens presents us with a childish view of life. A view that is at once interesting and helpful. The great Reform Parliament in 1834 gave us a great piece of legislation on the Poor Law—typically grown up. Four years later Dickens let us see things through the eyes of a child; and we found that what was wanted was not legislation, but a change in administration—not administration as understood in Westminster, but a change of heart beginning with kicking Bumble out of the workhouse into the dictionary. In the great question of education we see the same trend. I recently read a text-book on education written by a University professor in 1846. After pointing out, on page 1, that education meant a "leading out," he demonstrated on the other 245 pages that it was a cramming in. The whole book was devoted to showing how to get a quart of knowledge into a half-pint of boyish brain capacity. To counteract this, Dickens shows us a schoolmaster whom the educationists must have considered ideal—a great classical scholar, most enthusiastic, a believer in small classes, and in adequate and well-qualified assistance; but we look at him

through the eyes of Paul Dombey, and we are led to enquire whether the heart, and not the head, is not the true seat of wisdom, and whether any education is so bad as that which crams the mind and starves the soul.

Of the great religious questions of his day, Dickens makes no mention. Irving may split the Scotch Church, or Pusey divide that of England, and Dickens just pokes fun at the untrained and illiterate preacher. Yet he gives us that child's view, which is more arresting than any theology. All the religions were agreed in condemning the profligate who sank from a noble position to die nameless in a garret, and be buried in a vermin-infested graveyard, whose life besmirched the honour of a noble lady, and whose death set vultures on to drive her to an ignoble death. All were equally agreed in praising those who braved disease and insult to preach in Tom-all-Alones. But of the former Jo bore witness: "'E wos wery good to me, 'e wos"; and of the latter, "Some on 'em said as t'others prayed wrong." Jo was discarded as a witness by the Coroner; but I've an idea that the recording angel found him perfect in that capacity.

Time might be profitably spent in developing further this child's view which Dickens gives us. One of our greatest debts to him is surely this insight into those things which "are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes."

VANISHED DICKENS'S LONDON

THE BLACK BULL, HOLBORN

Photo by] [*Walter Dexter*

THERE is a gent, sir, at the Bull in Holborn, as has been took ill there, and is bad abed.—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

SOME STREETS

Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers, threw open his chamber window, and looked out upon the world beneath. Goswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on his right hand—as far as the eye could reach, Goswell Street extended on his left; and the opposite side of Goswell Street was over the way. "Such," thought Mr. Pickwick, "are the narrow views of those philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not to the truths which are hidden beyond. As well might I be content to gaze on Goswell Street for ever, without one effort to penetrate to the hidden countries which on every side surround it."—*Pickwick Papers.*

* * * * *

Traddles lived . . . in a little street near the Veterinary College at Camden Town, which was principally tenanted, as one of our clerks who lived in that direction informed me, by gentlemen students, who bought live donkeys, and made experiments on those quadrupeds in their private apartments. . . . I found that the street was not as desirable a one as I could have wished it to be for the sake of Traddles. The inhabitants appeared to have a propensity to throw any little trifles they were not in want of into the road; which not only made it rank and sloppy, but untidy, too, on account of the cabbage-leaves. The refuse was not wholly vegetable either, for I myself saw a shoe, a doubled-up saucepan, a black bonnet, and an umbrella, in various stages of decomposition, as I was looking out for the number I wanted. —*David Copperfield.*

* * * * *

Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere. It is one of the Squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world and taken to letting lodgings.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

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As if the aspiring city had become puffed up in the very ground on which it stood, the ground had so risen about Bleeding Heart Yard that you got into it down a flight of steps . . . and got out of it by a low gate-way into a maze of shabby streets.—*Little Dorrit.*

* * * * *

They rode to the top of Oxford Street, and, there alighting, dived in among the great streets of melancholy stateliness, and the little streets that try to be as stately and succeed in being more melancholy, of which there is a labyrinth near Park Lane. Wildernesses of corner-houses, with barbarous old porticos and appurtenances; horrors that came into existence under some wrong-headed person in some wrong-headed time, still demanding the blind admiration of all ensuing generations and determined to do so until they tumbled down, frowned upon the twilight. Parasite little tenements with the cramp on their whole frame, from the dwarf hall-door on the giant model of His Grace's in the Square to the squeezed window of the boudoir commanding the dunghills in the Mews, made the evening doleful.—*Little Dorrit.*

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In that quarter of London in which Golden Square is situated,

there is a by-gone, faded tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall meagre houses, which seemed to have stared each other out of countenance years ago. The very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy, from having had nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

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The drug-flavoured region of Mincing Lane, with the sensation of having just opened a drawer in a chemist's shop.—*Our Mutual Friend.*

* * * * *

Mr. Casby lived in a street in the Gray's Inn Road, which had set off from that thoroughfare with the intention of running at one heat down into the valley and up again to the top of Pentonville Hill: but which had run itself out of breath in twenty yards, and had stood still ever since.—*Little Dorrit.*

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

MANY people say they cannot "get on" with *Bleak House.* In Dickens's words, they feel he introduces them to "a world wrapped up in cotton and fine wool where they cannot hear the rushing of the larger worlds and cannot see them as they circle round the sun. It is a deadened world, and its growth is unhealthy for want of air." Yet it is one of the charms of Dickens to find that into such surroundings he lets in, as it were, quite casually, a breath of fresh air by touching a chord of simple, unspoilt human sentiment. For example, after describing the mouldy grandeur of the Dedlocks' place in Lincolnshire, he continues: "My Lady Dedlock (who is childless), looking out in the early twilight from her boudoir at a keeper's lodge, and seeing the light of a fire upon the latticed panes, and smoke rising from the chimney, and a child, chased by a woman, running out into the rain to meet the shining figure of a wrapped-up man coming through the gate, has been put quite out of temper. My Lady Dedlock says she has been 'bored to death.'" —a little peep into her psychology that gives us a more sympathetic insight into her character, and prepares us to understand the tragedy of her life.

The neglect of the little Jellybys is brought home to us by just a vivid phrase which reaches our brains through our hearts: "The children tumbled about, and notched memoranda of their accidents in their legs, which were perfect little calendars of distress." The brutality and sordidness of the death of Jenny's baby is relieved by:

"She had no kind of grace about her, but the grace of sympathy; but when she condoled with the woman, and her own tears fell, she wanted no beauty." And on this occasion the characters of Ada and Esther ring true; on seeing a little bunch of sweet herbs laid so tenderly by the rough scarred hands on the little handkerchief over the baby's

face, they say to the woman, " May heaven reward you ! You are a good woman ! " And there is " something like a distant ray of light " in Jo's muttered reason for sweeping clean the archway of the cemetery where Nemo was buried ; " He wos wery good to me, he wos ! "

Charley Neckett, aged thirteen, is left as breadwinner for herself and baby brother and sister. Some people would not employ her because " she was a follerer's child," and some took advantage of that fact to underpay her, but " Mr. Coavins gave a guinea, and the follerers made up a little purse," which kindly neighbours added to : Mrs. Blinder let them keep the room rent free ; and Mr. Gridley came to take the babies to play in his room, and plied them with gingerbread soldiers there. Mr. Jarndyce, characteristically tactful, comes to the rescue ; in Charley's own words, " And Tom, he would have been at school, and Emma, she would have been left with Mrs. Blinder—and me, I should have been here—all a deal sooner, miss ; only Mr. Jarndyce thought that Tom and Emma and me had better get a little used to parting first, we was so small."

Mr. Gridley and Miss Flite are brought together by their common sufferings through the delays of Chancery. As the former lies dying, he draws his hand through Miss Flite's arm and says : " Of all my old associations, of all my old pursuits and hopes, of all the living and the dead world, this one poor soul alone comes natural to me, and I am fit for. There is a tie of many suffering years between us two, and it is the only tie I ever had on earth that Chancery has not broken."

How little touches the heart of poor outcast Jo ! Guster has saved him her supper of bread and cheese, and " Jo stops in the middle of a bite and looks petrified. For this orphan charge of the Christian saint whose shrine was at Tooting, has patted him on the shoulder ; and it is the first time in his life that any decent hand has been so laid on him."

Tears and laughter are very close together in the Bagnets' home-life, from the children's nicknames and occupations to the " old girl " who brought out her husband's musical abilities, but who must never be praised by him because " discipline must be maintained." The " Old Girl " touches the heart of things when she relates to Mrs. Rouncewell how George has told her Woolwich " that of all the things he could have to think of when he grew to be a man, the comfortablest would be that he had never brought a sorrowful line into his mother's face, or turned a hair of her head grey," bringing out in turn his mother's understanding and loving excuses for her boy's disappearance.

Instances can be multiplied indefinitely. Dickens's power over his readers originally was undoubtedly due in great measure to his sentimentality. " Sentiment " is no longer in fashion, but his *casual* touches of feeling ring so true that they vibrate answering chords in ourselves. A. G. Holmes.

WHERE FANCIES TURN TO FACT

By J. H. McNULTY

THERE is no festival of the Church more popular than Christmas, and there is no nation which keeps that festival better than the English. It is natural then to find our literature full of the love of Christmas—the finest Ode in the language is Milton's " Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity " ; one of the most famous passages in Hamlet is that which describes the holiness of Christmas night. Tennyson marks the stages of his great grief by the passing of Christmas ; from Robert Southwell, in the sixteenth century with " The Burning Babe," to Walter De la Mare with his poem " The Dawn," perhaps the loveliest of modern Christmas Carols, English literature is full of this love of Christmas. Added to these there is a host of songs, poems and carols by known and unknown writers in praise of the great feast. Dickens, above all authors, has linked his name indissolubly with Christmas. Some of his Christmas tales, it is true, have no more to do with Christmas than " A Winter's Tale " has to do with winter, but others are true Christmas stories. The Christmas that Dickens describes and loves is far more faithful to fact that the somewhat fanciful form of his stories would lead one to suppose. The Christmas he loves is one of contrast. It is cold without, it must be warm within : it is dark without, it must be bright within. We are in the darkest season of the year, the days are shortest, the nights are longest, the sun is at the lowest point on the horizon, we are at the extremity of the year farthest from summer, therefore we must make our own summer within the house. We must bring in every green thing, ivy, laurel, holly and mistletoe and make our summer in the depth of winter ; above all, there must be a summer-time of the heart. " A cold hand, a warm heart," says the proverb ; if the season insists on the one, we must look after the other. It is a time to forget social distinctions ; whatever we may think of these things at other times, we must not think of them now. " Everybody," said Wardle, " sits down with us on Christmas-eve, servants and all ; and here we wait till the clock strikes twelve to usher in Christmas." The proud man cannot keep Christmas till he forgets his pride, and puts it away like a worn-out garment.

It is a feast that should be kept at home. Home is the right place. You can, of course, keep Christmas anywhere, on a rocky storm-bound coast, at sea, even in an hotel. But no one who has the slightest understanding of the Feast would choose to keep it anywhere but at home. What Dickens said about people who elected to keep Christmas in a hotel is not on record; the custom was not very prevalent in his time, but it is easy to guess what he would have said.

Dickens's love of Christmas begins, as everything else begins, in *The Pickwick Papers*, and it is here that we have the beautiful story of Gabriel Grub—

" How it snows," said one of the men.

"Snows, does it?" said Wardle.

"Rough, cold night, Sir," replied the man, "and there's a wind got up that drifts it across the fields in a thick white cloud."

"What does Jem say?" inquired old Mrs. Wardle. "There ain't anything the matter, is there?"

"No, no, mother," replied Wardle, "he says there's a snow-drift, and a wind that's piercing cold."

"Ah!" said the old lady, "there was just such a wind, and just such a fall of snow, a good many years back—I recollect—just five years before your poor father died. It was Christmas eve, too; and I remember that on that very night he told us about the goblins that carried away old Gabriel Grub."

Here we have the old-fashioned Christmas which we all love and so rarely see. It is a beautiful belief that on this one night of the year the earth should be clad in the tender beauty and purity of the snow. Until a few years ago it was considered merely a pious belief and pleasant fancy; people said that it never snowed in the Holy Land. During the War, however, in 1916, there was a very heavy fall of snow in Jerusalem, which proved that, after all, our Christmas cards may be true, and our tradition founded on fact.

Look at the name of the hero of the story, Gabriel Grub: could there be a greater contrast? Gabriel, the Angel of the Annunciation, the first bringer of the Christmas message, and Grub, the little fat insect you find in the dark places of the earth and in rotten wood. Had the hero of the story been more Gabriel, he would have kept Christmas better, but as it was, he was entirely Grub, and he bitterly resented that anyone should attempt to be more Gabriel than he. Grub was not condemned for drinking on Christmas-eve, a perfectly natural thing to do, nor for drinking Hollands—which is a rather melancholy drink, but for drinking Hollands *alone*. Drinking, as a symbol of good fellowship, was dear to the heart of Dickens, but for solitary drinking he had nothing but hatred and condemnation. He condemned it as strongly as any temperance reformer could wish, and you cannot say more than that.

The head and front of Gabriel Grub's offending was his refusal to rejoice. This may not be mentioned among the seven deadly sins, but the condition of one "who makes this great refusal" makes the commission of all the others perilously easy. The story is the prelude to *A Christmas Carol* to which it bears a striking resemblance.

Many Christmas tales, either by Dickens or by others, are in the form of ghost stories, and Christmas-eve is usually chosen as the night for the appearance of the ghost, but according to an ancient tradition this is the one night when no ghost can appear—

> Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
> Wherein Our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike.
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Custom and tradition are here at variance. Christmas is also the

time for remembrance, when the past grows near, and memories revive. To most persons the past is dear and beautiful, and Dickens, like a true Radical, loved it. But there are some who think their past has been unhappy, that they have received more kicks than kisses from fate, more frowns than smiles from fortune, and that they have experienced more unkindness than kindness in their passage through

VANISHED DICKENS'S LONDON

MRS. GAMP'S LODGINGS

Photo by [*Walter Dexter*

Her name was Gamp; her residence in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn. . . This lady lodged at a bird-fancier's, next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cat's-meat warehouse; the renown of which establishments was duly heralded on their respective fronts. It was a little house, and this was the more convenient; for Mrs. Gamp being, in her highest walk of art, a monthly nurse, or, as her sign-board boldly had it, "Midwife," and lodging in the first-floor front, was easily assailable at night by pebbles, walking-sticks, and fragments of tobacco-pipe: all much more efficacious than the street-door knocker, which was so constructed as to wake the street with ease, and even spread alarms of fire in Holborn, without making the smallest impression on the premises to which it was addressed. . . .

The bird fancier was an easy shaver also, and a fashionable hairdresser (*Martin Chuzzlewit*).

life. Dickens held a different view, he believed that in almost every life kindness has predominated, and that if we could free ourselves from the past we should lose far more than we should gain. This is what Redlaw in *The Haunted Man* found after he had accepted the ghost's offer of forgetfulness of his "Long wrong and trouble," and oblivion of the past. He was a changed man: so were all those to whom he communicated his fatal gift. They were all changed for the worse.

If we could lose our past we should be, like him, disinherited : the present would have no meaning and the future little guidance. Our Present is precarious, our Future a question, our Past an imperishable possession.

A Christmas Carol is, of all the stories, the truest to fact. " A whimsical kind of masque," a phrase Dickens used of some of his Christmas stories, is quite out of place here.

The Carol is not so much the story of Scrooge's conversion as the story of Everyman's experience. Many of us are, or have been, Bob Cratchits ; most of us know, or have known, members of the Scrooge family. The modern Scrooge differs a little outwardly from Ebenezer, but fundamentally he is the same. The Scrooge of to-day does not, when he is asked for a donation to charity, say " Are there no prisons ? " He probably asks, " Doesn't he get the dole ? " The modern Scrooge does not threaten to discharge his clerks if they applaud a speech about Christmas, but when trade is slack and times are bad he will get rid of them, however long and faithful their service, with no provision for the future and without a word of regret. And what happened to Scrooge in the story is what happens to every one of us to-day. The Ghost of Christmas Past comes to us laden with memories. Memories of all the golden Christmases of old. We are never as happy as we used to be, and the Garden of Eden is far more real to us than the Millennium. There is a strange alchemy in the minds of most people which transmutes the past into gold. What was ugly in it disappears, what was beautiful grows more so. " Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of fact," said Emerson, and it is true

The details of the past may become blurred and indistinct, they may be covered with the moss of partial forgetfulness, but they are never obliterated. That is what is meant by the phrase, " Though Scrooge pressed down the extinguisher with all his force, he could not put out the light."

The Ghost of Christmas Present comes also, and reminds us that cheerfulness is a Christian virtue, sometimes quite as difficult to practise as any other, and one that should be practised particularly at Christmas. He shows us that if we but walk carefully in his steps, we may face the fiercest cold and walk through the deepest snow and take no hurt, like the good King Wenceslas of another Christmas Carol. He is the most powerful of all the spirits, and if we make a friend of him we shall always have one friend to visit us at Christmas in the time to come whatever may happen.

The " Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come," when we shall be dead and in a forgotten grave, when no one will care to think of us or speak a kind word of us, is the only spirit who is a fraud. He does not exist, unless we wish it, and he is explained away like the ghost in an ordinary ghost story. " It shrunk, collapsed and dwindled down into a bed-post," and that was the end of it.

The moral of all these stories may be expressed in a single phrase, " There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the selfish man's philosophy."

Turn back for a moment to *The Haunted Man*. Every Dickensian is a "Haunted Man," haunted by the cheerful spirit of Dickens, and the true Dickensian is one who, as far as possible, keeps Christmas throughout the year.

Great authors sometimes foretell their own immortality. Horace did it in the Ode which begins with the words, "I have raised a monument more lasting than brass . . . which neither the corroding shower, nor the passing years, nor the flight of time shall overturn." Shakespeare did so when he wrote the lines—

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Dickens did not speak of his immortality, but in *The Haunted Man* he wrote a prayer which has become strangely prophetic—"Lord keep my memory green." Seldom has a prayer been more fully answered. His memory is green to-day, and especially at Christmas-time does it burst into leaf and flower like the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury.

AN ANCIENT DICKENS CLERK RETURNS

THE Old Bank was dead to begin with. There was no doubt about that. It had passed away as completely as the sovereign or guinea, coins once so popular but long since dead and forgotten.

And the New Bank had risen in its place: no weed or mushroom growth this, for it had grown slowly to its present palatial proportions. It was Christmas Eve, too—just the night an ancient Clerk would choose to visit the scenes of his former labours, and this was the night he did choose for his visit.

He was dressed in the fashion of an older day, but being invisible, this naturally did not attract attention. It was just as well, for the old man was not in the best of tempers. The traffic puzzled him, the new buildings displeased him, the chop house where he used to take lunch had disappeared, and the site was occupied by a large and uninteresting office.

He looked for the tavern where he occasionally called for refreshment; that, too, had gone. He entered the building that had taken its place; drinks different from those he was used to stood on the counter. He tasted one, and a look of ineffable contempt overspread his countenance.

"Water," he cried, "or if not so, at least no stronger than water."

At last he arrived at the Bank in a state of extreme irritation.

He looked up at the new building in disgust. "You may be handsome," he said, "but you're not like the old Bank."

This was perfectly true, but the emphasis he put on the words expressed more than the words themselves.

He entered and found the changes inside still less to his liking.

" This is beastly," he cried. He was going to say " ghastly," but the word was too much like " ghostly," and seemed a reflection on his present state. So he chose the less expressive but more harmless word.

A light was burning in one of the offices, but as he entered it neither " leaped up as though it cried ' I know him ! Ancient Ghost ! ',' as it might have done if it had had any sense of decency or respect, nor " burned blue," as was the custom with lights of old when ghosts appeared. Electric light cannot be expected to know how to behave in the presence of spirits.

" I'll teach you manners," he cried, and turned off the switch. " Better a live ghost than a dead wire."

The idea of writing his name in one of the Bank books occurred to him, and he picked up a pen to do so. He quickly threw it down and picked up another.

" Not a quill in the place," he cried, " not a single goose quill, but just as many geese."

He poured out a little ink to test its quality.

" The stuff's as weak as water," he said, " like the stuff they drink nowadays. This ink won't last a hundred years without fading, as ours did. There's no body in it." It seemed a curious remark for a ghost to make.

He now flitted into the safes to have a look at the ledgers, but the cheap modern binding was enough for him.

" There's no brass or calf, they must be Cash books."

A look inside convinced him to the contrary, and he turned away in disgust and grief.

The sight of the lifts annoyed him still further.

" They may make the Bank several stories high but they haven't the strength to mount the stairs."

He was beginning to feel very uncomfortable and lonely in the gigantic building, and somewhat cold. The absence of fires and fire-places saddened him, for he remembered the spacious grates of olden times. The caculating machines puzzled him, and so did the typewriters.

" There were none of these in my time," he said, " we could write then. How changed ! How changed ! Do they ever do any real work ? *Quantum mutatus* ! " A dead language seemed the natural thing for a ghost to speak. " My time grows short, and I have seen quite enough to make me wish to return to the shades."

He floated out into the night. A thick fog had risen and covered the City. " Thank Heaven," he cried, " one thing is left us. This is like the good old times. In this fog the Bank looks almost as good as it used to, and London no worse."

He drifted away, and a puff of colder air wandering along the misty streets was the only evidence of his visit. J. H. McNulty.

SOME SAYINGS OF SAIREY

"Who deniges of it, Betsey? Betsey, who deniges of it?"

* * * * *

"There! Now drat you, Betsey, don't be long! For I can't abear to wait, I do assure you. To wotever place I goes, I sticks to this one mortar, 'I'm easy pleased; it is but little as I wants; but I must have that little of the best, and to the minute when the clock strikes, else we do not part as I could wish, but bearin' malice in our arts.'"

* * * * *

"You are in a nice state of confugion, you are! and my opinion is, as half-a-dudgeon fresh young lively leeches on your temples, wouldn't be too much to clear your mind, which so I tell you."

* * * * *

"Wishin' as every one was as merry, and as handsome-looking, as a little bird has whispered me a certain gent is, which I will not name for fear I give offence where none is doo!"

* * * * *

"If it wasn't for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me (I never was able to do more than taste it), I never could go through with what I sometimes has to do."

* * * * *

"Ah dear! When Gamp was summonsed to his long home, and I see him a lying in Guy's Hospital with a penny piece on each eye, and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away. But I bore up."

* * * * *

"There are some happy creeturs as time runs back'ards with, and you are one, Mrs. Mould; not that he need do nothing except use you in his most owldacious way for years to come, I'm sure; for young you are and will be."

* * * * *

"He was born into a wale, and he lived in a wale; and he must take the consequences of sech a sitiwation."

* * * * *

"You may make yourself as light as any gash balloon. But talk, when you're wrong in your head and when you're in your sleep, of certain things; and you'll be heavy in your mind."

* * * * *

"I has my feelins as a woman, and I have been a mother likeways; but touch a pipkin as belongs to me, or make the least remarks on what I eats or drinks, and though you was the favouritest young, for'ard, hussy of a servant-gal as ever come into a house, either you leaves the place, or me."

* * * * *

"My earnings is not great, but I will not be inpoged upon. Bless the babe, and save the mother, is my mortar, sir; but I makes so free as add to that, Don't try no impogician with the Nuss, for she will not abear it!"

"I am but a poor woman, but I've been sought arter, sir, though you may not think it. I've been knocked up at all hours of the night, and warned out by a many landlords, in consequence of being mistook for Fire. I goes out working for my bread, 'tis true, but I maintains my independency, with your kind leave, and which I will till death."

* * * * *

"I have seen a deal of trouble my own self, and I can feel for them as has their feelings tried, but I am not a Rooshan or a Prooshan, and consequently cannot suffer spies to be set over me."

* * * * *

"Worrit myself ! You speak the truth in that, sir, if you never speaks again. He has done his werry best to conker me. Of all the trying inwalieges in this wally of the shadder, that one beats 'em black and blue."

* * * * *

"It is not a easy matter to live when you are left a widder woman ; particular when your feelings works upon you to that extent that you often find yourself a going out, on terms which is a certain loss, and never can repay. But, in whatever way you earns your bread, you may have rules and regulations of your own, which cannot be broke through. Some people may be Rooshans, and others may be Prooshans ; they are born so, and will please themselves. Them which is of other naturs thinks different."

* * * * *

"If I could afford to lay all my fellow creeturs out for nothing, I would gladly do it, sich is the luv I bears 'em."

* * * * *

"Don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged."

* * * * *

"Why, drat the Bragian boldness of that boy ! What a imperent young sparrow it is ! I wouldn't be that creetur's mother not for fifty pound !"

* * * * *

"And so the gentleman's dead, sir ! Ah ! The more's the pity. But it's what we must all come to. It's as certain as being born, except that we can't make our calculations as exact."

* * * * *

"We never knows wot's hidden in each other's hearts ; and if we had glass winders there, we'd need to keep the shetters up, some on us, I do assure you !"

* * * * *

"Would you be so good, my darling dovey of a dear young married lady, as put that somewheres where you can keep it in your mind ? I'm well beknown to many ladies, and it's my card. Gamp is my name, and Gamp my nater. Livin' quite handy, I will make so bold as call in now and then, and make inquiry how your health and spirits is, my precious chick !"

* * * * *

"Wishin' you lots of sickness, my darling creetur, and good places. It won't be long, I hope, afore we works together, off and on, again, Betsey ; and may our next meetin' be at a large family's, where they all takes it reg'lar, one from another, turn and turn about, and has it business-like."

THE INFLUENCE OF DICKENS

COMPILED FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

CARYLYE.

"Carlyle turned the novel of humanitarian propaganda already popularized by Dickens to the consideration of the problems of industrialism. . . . With the exception of Dickens, Carlyle had the advantage of knowing the chief Victorian authors, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, before the days of their fame. His favorite was Tennyson . . . He found the novelists, even with 'Vanity Fair' and *Dombey and Son*, insufficiently propagandist, but later was satisfied by *Hard Times* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, whose lesson was drawn from his own 'French Revolution.'

"The Carlyles, especially Jane, enjoyed informal gatherings of literary folk, of which a party just before Christmas, 1843, at the home of the actor-manager Macready is typical. Jane described the delight of the children at Dickens's conjuring tricks, and 'then the dancing . . . Dickens did all but go down on his knees to make me ——waltz with him!'"—"Carlyle," by E. Neff. (Allen and Unwin).

* * * * *

THACKERAY.

"He often began but rarely persevered; that was the tale of how he came to be left behind in the race for fame by Dickens."

". . . Bulwer was one of those who, after Thackeray's rise to fame, encouraged the hostility between the rival camps of the two great novelists, expressing 'the highest admiration' for Dickens, while his opinion of his opponent was 'almost wholly adverse.'"

"His offer to illustrate Ainsworth's 'Crichton' was rejected, because, as in the case of Dickens and *Pickwick*, the author did not approve the designs submitted."

"Thackeray was never an intimate friend of Dickens, with whose circle he had little in common. But their acquaintance was far more familiar than is popularly supposed. . . . For ten years, from Thackeray's settlement at Great Coram Street to his sudden elevation to the position of Dickens's only considerable rival in public estimation, cordial relations existed between them, and the subsequent constraint prevailing till shortly before Thackeray's death arose from no ill-will on either side, but from the effect upon the sensitive, self-conscious pride of both created by persistent comparisons and the consequent partisan attitude of their separate friends."

"He was frequently invited to Dickens's Twickenham home and belonged to the Shakespeare Club, of which Dickens and Forster were the leading lights."

"He loathed Pecksniffery and Chadbandism with more personal sincerity that Dickens . . ."

"He is believed to have written 'The Loving Ballard of Lord Bateman' which contained illustrations by Cruickshank and a preface attributed to Dickens . . ."

"A significant comment upon contemporary popularity is provided by the story of how, on his first visit to America, Thackeray asked the New York publisher, Harper, who was the most popular novelist of the day and, hoping to hear his own name but expecting that of

Dickens, he was astounded to learn that G. P. R. James easily headed the list of sales."

" 'The book (" The Irish Sketch Book ") is going pretty well. The Irish are in a rage about it . . . " Boz " has written me a letter of compliments . . . ' "

" Spending as much of his time as possible in Paris . . . he dined out at clubs or a tavern, where he returned the hospitality of those friends who invited him to their houses. To one such dinner he invited Dickens, Ainsworth and Maclise, but neither Dickens nor Ainsworth could attend and Thackeray wrote to the latter that ' as I can't have it without my two roaring animals . . . the great Titmarsh banquet is hereby postponed.' "

" With both Dickens and Forster, his friendly relations continued until . . . they languished into a formal courtesy concealing a certain constraint, which only developed into enmity on the occasion of the Yates *fracas* in 1858. From time to time he is found dining with Dickens, and he felt a grateful regard for Dickens's wife and sister-in-law, who regularly invited his daughters to their children's parties."

" Thackeray's jealousy of Dickens provided the memoir-writers with a subject for discussion over half a century, though Procter told Fitzgerald at the time of Dickens's death that he had never witnessed any signs of such jealousy."

" As might be expected by his ineptitude for public speaking, Thackeray had none of Dickens's declamatory rhetoric and dramatic effect as a lecturer."

" Dickens also was at Boulogne for the summer [1854] with his family, and Thackeray speaks of dining with him and afterwards playing ' at forfeits and the game of " buzz " with his boys.' " —" Thackeray," by Malcolm Elwin. (Cape).

* * * * *

DICKENS AND CRIME.

" Burke and Hare . . . added a new word to the English language :— *To burke* : (i) to murder by suffocation in order to sell the body for dissection. . . . In the thirty-first chapter of *Pickwick* . . . Sam . . . drew his [Pickwick's] attention to a sausage manufactory where ' the mysterious disappearance of a 'spectable tradesman ' had taken place four years before. ' You don't mean to say he was burked, Sam ? ' exclaims Mr. Pickwick."

" The murder on the night of October 24th, 1823, of William Weare, outside a lonely cottage in Gill's Hill Lane, near Elstree . . . makes one of the most memorable stories . . . of human wickedness. . . . When Dickens, in 1843, was writing . . . *Martin Chuzzlewit*, with its description of the drive of the murderer Jonas and his destined victim through a night of thunder, lightning, and rain, he evidently had in mind the earlier drive in which a villain in real life conveyed the man he was about to slay from London to Elstree."

" Oscar Wilde concludes his curious Apologia for him [T. G. Wainewright, murderer of Helen Abercromby in 1830] as follows : ' Art has not forgotten him. He is the hero of Dickens' *Hunted Down* . . . and it is gratifying to note that fiction has paid some homage to one who was so powerful with pen, pencil, and poison.' "

" . . . one of the spectators of the murderer's [Courvoisier] execution was W. M. Thackeray, whose disgust at the spectacle led him to write an article of great power which appeared originally in Fraser's Magazine

and was afterwards reprinted among the writer's miscellaneous papers. Appearing as it did, nine years before Charles Dickens famous outburst after the public execution of the Mannings . . . it deserves to share with that protest the credit for the abolition of these abominable spectacles."—"Murders and Murder Trials," by H. M. Walbrook. (Constable).

* * * * *

IN 1960—LOOKING BACKWARD.

"In beginning this chapter, I very nearly fell into the old mistake of saying 'I suppose young people don't read Dickens nowadays.' It is curious how generation after generation of us seniors fall into that trap. Miss Linthorpe said it to me once, when I was in the schoolroom, upon which I offered to submit to a Dickens examination, and passed it with flying colours. I said it myself to Francis one day, when he was lying on the floor with a book, and he held up the book, which was *Martin Chuzzlewit*. So I will make no apology this time for talking of Mrs. Leo Hunter as if she were a character familiar to my readers. She was a real old lady, who lived at Ipswich (I think), and had some phenomenal number of children, and wrote verses quite as bad as the 'Dying Frog.' But indeed she was not one woman—she was every woman, every woman who has sufficient station in the world to be able to choose her own company. We all want to collect lions . . . ."—From "Memories of the Future," being Memoirs of the years 1915-1972, written in the year of grace 1988, by Opal, Lady Porstock, edited by Ronald A. Knox.

* * * * *

G.B.S. AGAIN.

"Your ignorance of Dickens is a frightful gap in your literary education. He was by far the greatest man since Shakespeare that England has ever produced in that line. Read *Little Dorrit*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and *Great Expectations*. Until you do, you will not have the very faintest notion of what the name of Dickens means. *Barnaby Rudge* is mere boy's work in comparison. He did not come of age until Ruskin and Carlyle probed his social conscience to the depth, and he made a beginning of his great period with *Hard Times*. But when it came, it was great."—Letter to Frank Harris (September 27th, 1919). (From "Bernard Shaw," by Frank Harris.)

* * * * *

"So 1845 followed '44 with little to note, save the founding of yet another Mazzinian society ('For the Protection of Italian Organ-grinder boys'—President, Lord Ashley). . . . Friends, indeed, were increasing. There were the inestimable Nathans and Craufords and Toynbees . . . and Joe Cowan . . . and Charles Dickens, and Douglas Jerrold, and many more."—"Mazzini: Prophet of Modern Europe," by G. O. Griffith. (Hodder and Stoughton).

* * * * *

"From an account of the Ladies of Llangollen to a letter of Charles Dickens's association is an unexpected jump, even in Scott's Letter Books. The next correspondent of note is Sir Peter Laurie, one-time sadler, who became Lord Mayor of London in 1832. He made the egregious statement with regard to *Oliver Twist* that Jacob's Island was an invention of Dickens's; and the author later portrayed him as 'Alderman Cute' in *The Chimes*."—"Sir Walter's Post-bag," selected by W. Partington. (Murray).

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

THE FATE OF TINY TIM

I am greatly obliged to Mr. W. B. Warren for his commentary upon my statement that Dickens's interjection—"Tiny Tim who did NOT die"—is banal. I refer him to my complete criticism—"not art, but intensely human; forgivable, but not justifiable; to the critical sense banal." On further reflection I adhere most firmly to these remarks.

First, the declaration is gratuitous and unnecessary. Secondly, it is unexplained (and any attempt at explanation would be woeful and fatuous). Thirdly, it is a weak concession to sentiment. Fourthly, it is blatant.

The fate of Tiny Tim should be a matter of dignified reticence. His frailty is only an episode, not a main issue. Its purpose has been served by imparting an impressive touch of pathos to Bob Cratchit's domestic circumstances—it is a colouring of the picture, not a substantial and essential portion of it. Suddenly, by means of a positive shriek, attention is called to the almost impalpable figure, and all the charm of illusion and suggestion is shattered.

The capital letters are an outrage to artistic feeling. Dickens was carried away by exuberance, and momentarily forgot good taste. He did an extremely "popular" thing in the worst style of melodrama. It was clap-trap for the multitude.

He created a vicious precedent. Suppose other authors imitated him! What should we think of Tennyson if he had added a verse to his "May Queen"?—

> "O no, dear reader, do not weep or sigh,
> The girl who spoke these words she did NOT die."

I seriously put it to Mr. Warren that the beauty and ethereality of the Tiny Tim conception is utterly marred by the mundane slab of prose hurled at it in heavy type.

J. Cuming Walters.

P.S.—May I take this opportunity of mentioning that the sentence in my article "bold and unconvincing catalogues" (p. 268), should read "bald"?

I much enjoyed Mr. Cuming Walters' article, and cannot support Mr. Warren's qualification. I feel that the death of Tiny Tim is false, perhaps I would rather say tinsel, pathos because we know that any feeling aroused will be cancelled by speedy consolation. The word "NOT" in capitals is too much like a showman calling attention to his tricks. Dickens seems to say, "Dear reader, when I seem harrowing, be sure I will not leave you comfortless. I will

dry your tears at the earliest opportunity." So the death of Tiny Tim cannot be pathetic after the first perusal.

Mr. Cuming Walters might have enhanced his points by the incidence of birth as well as the avoidance of the tragedy of death. We do not find child-loving couples barren ; we do not find them, strangely enough, with the inconveniently large families that Dickens himself had ; we find them small and well mixed, and apparently without the infantile epidemics of measles, whooping cough, etc.

I am, however, amazed that Mr. Cuming Walters should suggest that the conclusion of *Martin Chuzzlewit* can satisfy the realist. Let me quote Gissing—

> " Chuzzlewit surpasses all his novels in the theatrical conventionality of its great closing scene—its grand finale. Around old Martin (at the centre of the stage) are grouped all the *dramatis personae*, whether they have any business there or not ; Mrs. Gamp. Poll Sweedlepipes, and young Bailey coming in without rhyme or reason, simply to complete the circle. It is magnificent : the brilliant triumph of stage tradition. But it does not suffice ; something more is needed that the reader's appetite for a cheerful ending may have entire satisfaction ; therefore before the book closes, who should turn up in the heart of London but that very family of miserable emigrants whom Martin and Tapley have left behind them in the wild west of America ! Here they are, at the foot of the Monument, close by Todgers'—arrived on purpose to shake hands with everyone, and to fill the cup of benevolent rejoicing."

In this weakness Dickens was not alone. I am inclined to think Sir Walter Scott, whose centenary is being celebrated as I write, was worse. I cannot think of any novel of his save " The Bride of Lammermoor " which is not, at whatever cost of malformation, brought to a happy ending. Worse than the " NOT " of *A Christmas Carol* is the resurrection of Athelstane in " Ivanhoe " and the author's astonishingly cool defence in Note No. 28. " The resuscitation of Athelstane has been much criticised as too violent a breach of probability, even for a work of such fantastic character. It was a *tour de force* to which the author was compelled to have recourse by the vehement entreaties of his friend and printer, who was inconsolable on the Saxon being conveyed to the tomb."

W. Kent.

I am not in the least surprised that my comments on Mr. Cuming Walter's reference to Tiny Tim not dying, have brought forth doughty rejoinders. The *suaviter in modo* of Lancashire is flanked by the *fortiter in re* from " Kent," and between them I should be ground to powder.

It is true that I am entirely in accord with Mr. Walters that the capital letters for the word " NOT " were in very bad taste, but I cannot feel that the phrase itself is open to the same condemnation.

Surely it is good art to preserve the unities in such a case as this, and the " dignified reticence " which Mr. Walters thinks should have been the note in regard to Tiny Tim's fate, would be quite out of keeping with the spirit of Stave Five. The whole of that delightful chapter is taken at breathless speed, and in a spirit of exuberant jollity, from

the moment that Scrooge capered about his bedroom in his new-found happiness, till he staggered Bob Cratchit by raising his salary. To think of dignity or reticence in such an atmosphere is impossible.

There is another point of view. In early Victorian days, the "happy ending" was the recognised convention among novelists, and Dickens would almost unconsciously conform to it. The reading public wanted all the "t's" crossed and the "i's" dotted before they said good-bye to the characters in a story, and though that may be considered bad art to-day, who shall say it was so then ?

Though I cannot hope to convince Mr. Walters, nor has he convinced me, yet it is always good, I think, to learn the other man's point of view.

W. B. Warren.

DICKENS IN RUSSIA TO-DAY

The popularity of Dickens in pre-revolutionary Russia being well known, a recent experience might interest your readers.

In September, I was a member of a party of tourists who were being shown over a prison in Moscow. In the library, to which the prisoners have free access at any time before ten p.m., except during their daily eight hours labour in the prison factory, a companion took a volume at random from a shelf and what should it be, but *David Copperfield.* Through the interpreter, I asked the librarian if Dickens was widely read by the prisoners. His reply was that no author was in anything like the same demand, with the possible exception of Jack London !

Later, I discussed Dickens and the Bolshevik authorities with one of the guides. I had thought that as many Tsarist tastes and habits were now deliberately discouraged, Dickens might be suffering from the displeasure of the powers that be. But, I was told, Dickens provided an admirable opportunity for the masses to appreciate how their fellow-workers were exploited in mid-nineteenth century. For this purpose translations of such works as *The Chimes* were being widely circulated.

Leslie C. Staples.

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

Mr. Sproul's letter in the last number and your comment thereon, raises the question as to why so many lovers of Dickens care little or nothing for *A Tale of Two Cities.* Among them, I observe, is Mr. Osbert Sitwell, whose excellent little book I have lately read. Perhaps you will allow me to indicate shortly what I conceive to be the main reasons for this.

The work is undoubtedly great in purely literary qualities, but it lacks the characteristic Dickens's charm, which is mainly associated with child life and with what are usually called (in a hateful phrase) "the lower classes," meaning thereby the poorer classes. *A Tale of Two Cities* not only contains little humour, but its child life is negligible, and its characters lie very largely among the upper middle class, the chief exceptions being the Crunchers, with whom we could have dispensed without much loss, and the Defarges, who, however necessary to the story and however well drawn, can hardly be called attractive figures.

A potent element in Dickens's fascination as a writer was indicated in a delightful essay which appeared in *The Dickensian* some years

ago under the title, "The Elfin Quality in Dickens," in which the writer said: "Dickens's books are full of things quaint and fanciful in a way markedly like that we meet with in the old German fairy tales." And it is just this elfin quality in Dickens which is one of the chief reasons why some of us turn to his works with ever-increasing pleasure as we grow older, looking to fiction not so much for a picture of life as for an escape from life, which is, I feel sure, what most people read novels for.

It is not, of course, the case that there is no elfin quality in *A Tale of Two Cities*; take, for instance, the description of "Tellson's Bank" in the early part of the book, or the burlesque speech of the Attorney General in the treason trial; but there is so much less of it than in most of Dickens's books that it inevitably makes all the difference to the esteem in which this work is held by many, if not most, lovers of the great novelist. W. P. W.

FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

Branch Secretaries are kindly requested to send in interesting notes of the subject matter of only the more important of their meetings. Newspaper cuttings are not acceptable for these pages; neither is it possible to record lists of reciters, singers, entertainers, and casts of dramatic sketches.

Latest date for the Spring Number is February 8th.

THE DOCTORS OF DICKENS

There was a large attendance at the opening meeting of the Edinburgh branch. Dr. Alexander Darling presided, and Dr. W. G. Sym lectured on "Dickens's Doctors." Dr. W. G. Sym discussed first the conditions under which Dickens was likely to have met with the less prosperous and later the more prosperous medical people of his day, from the observation of whose ways, conduct, and behaviour generally the author evolved the pictures of life which amused and delighted readers. Of the twenty-six different doctors scattered through Dickens's books, two had had a medical education but were not practising, namely Bevan and Harold Skimpole; the others were divided into groups according to their degree of importance in the story, the two who had most influence and who were most fully depicted in the novels being Dr. Manette and Alan Woodcourt. Dr. Sym spoke also of Dickens's beneficent influence in the improvement of the position and status of nurses, and showed how the education of the student also had undergone extraordinary elevation since Dickens's day. Summing up, the lecturer claimed that Dickens's doctors were treated by their creator

with very fair consideration and without undue severity; he made fun of their foibles and little pretences, no doubt, but in a kindly fashion; and on the whole the profession appeared to emerge from the test of Dickens's delineation with considerable credit—better certainly than either Army, Church, or Law.

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MARK TAPLEYISM

At the opening meeting of the Wellingborough Branch, the President (Miss M. L. Cook) spoke on "Mark Tapleyism." The special purpose of her address was to show why this term has become applicable to the deeds of those cheery and optimistic folk who make the wheels of life go round. Mark Tapley found he was too happy at the "Blue Dragon"; he felt he ought to be in a depressing occupation where cheeriness would be a credit! He had his principles tested when he accompanied Martin Chuzzlewit to the "Valley of Eden," where fever, ague and misery played havoc with the inhabitants. Here, despite all, he taught Martin a nobility of outlook which ever afterwards made him ashamed of his pessimism.

Mark Tapley left a shining path of happiness behind him in every walk of life, and his final marriage with the buxom hostess of the Blue Dragon, now to be known as the Jolly Tapley, gives his admirers great satisfaction. Critics may consider his characters overdrawn. Suffice it to say, said Miss Cook, that Mark Tapley is one of the great crowd of Dickensian characters who present to us types of life to cheer and to teach us how to live.

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The recital at the opening meeting of the Hackney and Stoke Newington Branch was given by Mr. J. C. Robinson, who makes a point of reciting pieces which are seldom heard. He chose Mr. Luffey's speech at the cricket dinner at Muggleton; a sketch of Dr. Jobling, of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company; and Rogue Riderhood's interview with the Lawyers. It is questionable if these pieces are to be found in the repertoire of any other reciter. This was followed by a debate on "Would Dickens approve of our modern progress?" Affirmative, Mr. S. J. Rust; Negative, Mr. J. H. McNulty. Mr. T. W. Hill acted as judge. Many members of the audience joined in the discussion and debated the question keenly. By a show of hands the verdict was given in the affirmative.

At the October meeting, Mr. W. J. Roffey gave a lecture on "Dickens and the Inns of Court and Chancery." Mr. Roffey, in addition to his lecture, gave many references from Dickens's works to Hackney, Stoke Newington and Stamford Hill.

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A LADY PRESIDENT FOR MANCHESTER.

There was a pleasant ceremony at the opening meeting of the Manchester Branch, when Mrs. Axon, in a charming speech, invested Mrs. H. E. Evans as the new President with the badge of office presented to the branch by Mr. and Mrs. Axon.

The President, in her address, spoke of the two giants in English literature—Shakespeare and Dickens—one a great philosopher and the other a great humanitarian. Shakespeare lived by his language and wise philosophy, but philosophy was sometimes a dreary science and made little appeal to the heart. "But the vital touch of life as it is,

and people as they are, endears to us the works of Dickens." If ever a spirit of good fellowship were needed, it was to-day. Men were losing their faith in their fellow-men, becoming less tolerant, less kind. Self-interest was man's watchword now, in his dealings with his fellow-men. A greater knowledge of Dickens's genius and a closer realisation of reforms he made, or tried to make, Mrs. Evans said she was convinced would be productive of nothing but good.

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"Dickens and North Yorkshire" was the lecture given by Mr. W. W. Gregson (Blackburn) at the second October meeting. This should have been illustrated by lantern views, but owing to a mishap the lantern had to be dispensed with. The lecturer took his hearers on a journey beginning at Skipton and through some of the beauty spots of Yorkshire, making calls at several old abbeys and cathedrals. Amongst the places visited were Barnard Castle and Bowes, and his description of those places, so closely associated with the celebrated schoolmaster Mr. Squeers, were word-pictures that compensated for the loss of the lantern illustrations.

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AMERICANS AND THE ENGLISH

An interesting talk on this subject was given in October by Mr. A. B. Larchner to the Old Town-Orono Branch, and it was quite cheering to hear an American citizen explain why we should bear no grudge against Dickens for his criticism of the American people ; for after all he had criticised his own countrymen in a somewhat similar manner. Even to-day, explained Mr. Larchner, the American newspapers must give the English people a strange idea of the Americans, and, unfortunately, the peoples of both countries who visited each other were not always the best representatives of either nation, and still much had to be done to get these two great peoples to a better understanding of each other. A mutual liking of Dickens was greatly helping in this direction, and the Dickens Fellowship was doing a most useful work.

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CIVIC HONOURS AT GLOUCESTER

The Gloucester Branch, now in its 26th year, has elected Mr. E. Kendall Pearson as President for the ensuing session, in succession to Mr. W. L. Edwards, who has just completed two brilliantly successful years of office, and has accepted the unanimous invitation of the City Council to occupy the Mayoral chair.

Mr. Pearson was President in the war years of 1915-16 and 1916-17, and has been honorary secretary since 1918. During Mr. Pearson's presidency Mr. F. C. Grimes, assistant hon. secretary and treasurer, will also discharge the secretarial duties.

At their November meeting the Branch passed a resolution of congratulation to Mr. W. L. Edwards upon his selection as Mayor, and to Mr. Charles Fox, another ex-President, upon having been chosen as City High Sheriff during Mr. Edwards's Mayoralty. Both have been active members of the Branch since its formation in 1906.

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WHISKERS AND WAISTCOATS.

The twentieth session of the Cheltenham Branch opened on October 4th with its usual enthusiasm and jollity. Over 250 members were

present, including over 40 newly enrolled. The President (Mr. H. O. Barnett) was supported by the President and Secretary of the Gloucester Branch and the Secretary of the Cirencester Branch.

The opening paper on the book for the session, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, was given by the President. In addition to an excellent summary of the book, analysis of plot and sketches of some of the prominent characters, Mr. Barnett showed his ability to discover the unusual by his humorous dissertation on "Whiskers and Waistcoats." "Was there ever a book so bristling with whiskers and waistcoats of every conceivable shape, size and colour ? In some cases these resplendent adornments were of considerable importance in the story."

On November 4th Mr. C. E. Walsh, B.A., B.Sc., gave a delightful paper on "The Grace of Dickens." Mr. Walsh has the happy knack of selecting titles which give little clue to the subject of the paper. The particular "grace" which the lecturer illustrated was the almost lost art of letterwriting. After an amusing introduction, Mr. Walsh read choice examples from Dickens as illustrations. The blend of humour and pathos was so carefully arranged that a most enjoyable paper resulted.

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REDDITCH BRANCH COMES OF AGE.

About 70 members, together with representatives from London, Birmingham and Nottingham Branches, attended the Dinner to celebrate the coming of age of the Redditch Branch.

The toast of the "Immortal Memory" was proposed by Mr. Frank S. Johnson, who said he thought the toast should not be a silent one as Dickens was not dead. Although Dickens had no desire for a monument in brass or stone, there were the seventy-five branches of the Dickens Fellowship throughout the world. These surely were part of a great memorial to one who was not only a great writer, but no mean actor and after-dinner speaker. Mr. W. Terry submitted the toast of "The Dickens Fellowship" and mentioned particularly the various charities assisted by this great organisation.

In proposing the toast of the Chairman, Mr. C. H. Blackford paid a warm tribute to the help the branch had received from Mrs. W. Terry.

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THE DICKENS BIRTHPLACE FELLOWSHIP.

Evidence of the continued progress made by the Portsmouth Branch was given at the Annual Meeting, presided over by the Lord Mayor (Alderman F. G. Foster, J.P.) at the Guildhall on October 31st.

In presenting the Annual Report, Mr. C. T. Milford (Hon. Secretary) remarked that the 30th year of this branch had been one of continued success. The number of members was 1,106. There had been a Tiny Tim's Tea, an Outing for the Blind, etc., Birthday Celebration, two "Evenings with Dickens," and a series of Whist Drives, which had raised £40 for the Benevolent Fund.

Regret was expressed at the retirement, owing to ill-health, of Mr. Alfred T. Darling, who had been a member of the Council for 28 years and Vice-Chairman for two years. Steps were being taken to suitably recognise his work and interest in the Fellowship.

The Hon. Treasurer (Mr. B. Sutton) presented the accounts, showing a balance in hand of £147 9s. 7d., and investments totalling £1,224 5s.,

the interest on which is used for the services of a Victoria Nurse and donations to charitable funds.

The Lord Mayor said that these reports were very satisfactory and reflected the hard work of the officers and council. The Fellowship was following in the footsteps of the novelist, was flourishing, and would continue to do so in the City of Portsmouth, where Charles Dickens was born. It had been a great pleasure to him and the Lady Mayoress to do what little they could for the Fellowship during their year of office. The Hon. Secretary announced that the incoming Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress had promised to be present and address the members in the Guildhall on December 6th.

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DICKENS AND THE FUTURE.

This was the subject of Miss Irene Cleary's paper at the Melbourne Branch in July. Her main argument was that the characters created by Dickens are so natural that we often meet them in real life ; therefore they must live on while human life lasts. At the August meeting, Mr. Chas. Daley, M.A., chose as his subject " Education in the Dickens Period." Where there was poverty with unemployment and unrestrained drunkenness children had a cheerless time. They were employed from early years in various ways ; there was no system of education ; anyone could open a school. Dickens remembered his own disadvantages and used his best efforts to make up for them. He fought for children's better times, and wrote of Yorkshire schools, Blimber, Feeder, B.A., Gradgrind, Headstone, and others. Corporal punishment was common, and we read of 1500 children sent to prison in one year. There were Ragged Schools and Church Schools, but no literature of childhood. 1870 saw W. E. Forster's Education Act, and in 1891 came free education, which was already established in New South Wales and Victoria.

In September, Miss E. A. Fraser read a paper, " Dickens's Interest in Australia," compiled from an article in *Household Words*, January 31st, 1852. The Rev. E. J. B. White contributed a dissertation on *Little Dorrit*, with numerous quotations to illustrate the need for reform in the laws relating to imprisonment for debt. Amelioration in the treatment of debtors owes much to Dickens's writings on the subject.

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UNKNOWN DICKENSLAND.

Mr. J. H. McNulty gave a lecture at the opening meeting of the Leyton Branch on " An Excursion into unknown Dickens Land." It was given in his usual humorous manner and was enthusiastically received. It was a ramble into a series of guide books, and dealt with unknown subjects and places. Mr. McNulty had much to say about those critics who thought Dickens made too much of drink in his works, but he pointed out that drinking was a habit of the people in Dickens's time. Dickens, according to Mr. McNulty, was a great stylist, but did not puzzle his readers.

At the November meeting a new member, Mr. J. J. Morgan, gave some Dickens recitals and proved himself an acquisition to the Fellowship. The branch has begun well and is making good progress.

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Lt.-Com. J. Hoskin, R.N., President of the Plymouth Branch, held a reception on October 8th, welcoming the members and their friends, also congratulating Mrs. C. C. Ball for her interesting account of the Rochester Conference.

On October 18th a Musical and Literary Evening was arranged by the President, at which a reading "The Dethronement of Charles Dickens," by Mr. J. H. McNulty, was given by the Secretary,; the President gave a reading from *David Copperfield*. Mrs. L. Annear contributed two monologues. Mrs. J. C. Pryor was responsible for the evening of November 1st, providing a galaxy of talent, both musical and dramatic. A special feature was the Dickens Tableaux Competition, in 14 scenes, arranged by Miss Kathleen Pryor. The prize was awarded to Miss Squires.

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The Eastbourne Branch opened their season with a Cabaret Entertainment arranged by Mrs. Ferguson and Miss Bussey. This was well attended and a number of new members were enrolled.

The Entertainment on November 1st was very much appreciated by members ; a sketch from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "The Voice from the Tomb," adapted by Mrs. Ferguson, was given by Mrs. Ferguson as Pecksniff, and Miss Bussey as Mrs. Todgers, these ladies being highly applauded on their performance.

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The President of the Blackburn Branch (Dr. J. T. T. Ramsay, J.P.), in his address at the opening meeting, spoke of Dickens as the friend and intimate counsellor of the most eminent literary men and artists of his day. We of this century believe that Dickens held the right ideas on almost every important subject upon which he touched, ideas which hold good to-day. After the President's address, Mr. Leo Mason gave a very masterly resumé of *Our Mutual Friend*.

At the second meeting in October, Dr. Ramsay gave a short address on biographers, speaking chiefly of Boswell and Forster ; but Mr. Arthur Humphreys (of Manchester) provided the chief feature of the evening by giving a lantern lecture entitled "Dickens and Dickensland." Some most interesting slides were shown, the two most notable being a photograph of a page from the account book kept by Shaw, the schoolmaster of Bowes, who figured as Squeers in *Nicholas Nickleby*. The other slide of a page from the visitor's book at the Mt. St. Bernard Hospice, showing Dickens's signature and those of other members of his family who were with him in Switzerland.

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The opening meeting of the St. Pancras Branch was a very successful function. Mr. B. C. Wouldham, the new President, arranged a social evening which was appreciated by the members. Mr. W. J. Roffey, the retiring President, having inducted his successor, made a very graceful reference to the retirement of Sir Henry Fielding Dickens as Common Serjeant, quoting his touching references to his father.

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The Balham Branch began its season with a most gratifying attendance at a deeply interesting lecture given by the President on "The English novel from Defoe to Dickens." The next meeting was devoted to "introducing the book of the year," when the President gave a

short synopsis of the whole plot, and the members of the Committee read in turn some of the best scenes, according to a preconceived plan, thereby, it was hoped, firing the members with a strong desire to rush home and devour the book from cover to cover. Two very pleasant rambles have helped to make a very satisfactory opening to our season.

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Members who visited Canterbury during the Rochester Conference will be interested to hear that the proprietor of the Savoy Café has sent a donation of three guineas to the Santa Claus Fund of the Rochester Branch.

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REGIONAL GROUP No. 1

A meeting was held in Liverpool on October 1st. Mr. A. Humphreys occupied the chair through the absence of Mr. Sutton owing to indisposition. The question of a fixed meeting place was discussed but received very little support, and it was agreed to continue th, system decided at the first meeting. The next meeting will be held ae Blackburn on December 10th, at 4 p.m.

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REGIONAL GROUP No. 6.

Under the skilful guidance of the Chairman, Mr. Rust, a party of about seventy from Bedford, Edgware, Hatfield, Wellingborough and St. Pancras had a delightful ramble, full of Dickens interest, from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to Doughty Street. Through the Strand to York Gate, the Adelphi Arches and the old Roman Bath : thence to the Temple Church and into Middle Temple Hall, where Mr. Rust gave a short talk on its history. From there to the Dickens House, where Mr. Rust and Mr. Wickens each took a party, and explained the many objects of interest. The members very heartily thanked Mr. Rust for a most enjoyable time, and hopes were expressed that this was only the precursor of many more such happy meetings.

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Mr. A. W. Edwards visited Rochester in October and gave a very interesting account of his visit to some Overseas Branches. Before commencing he expressed his great disappointment at being prevented, on account of illness, attending the Conference, but wished to thank all for the great success it had been ; he also stated that he had received a number of letters of appreciation from other branches. His talk was much appreciated by an enthusiastic and well-attended meeting.

On Saturday, October 22nd, a party of 56 were met on the Embankment by Mr. Edwards and escorted to Lincoln's Inn, Staple Inn, etc., and to the Dickens House. Tea was afterwards taken at "The Humming Bird." The honorary secretary of the branch, Mr. L. I'Anson Cobb, who was in charge of the party, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Edwards, which was unanimously responded to by all.

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Mr. Walter Dexter was the guest of the Soroptimist Club at luncheon at the Hotel Washington, Curzon Street, W., in November, when he spoke on "The Fellowship of Dickens." He also opened the season of the Bromley Branch in October with a lantern lecture on "Dickens's London To-day."

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Report from Toronto Branch received too late for inclusion in this number.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

This list contains particulars of all branch meetings, of which notices have been received to the time of going to press.

BATH.
Dec. 5—Reading Circle.
19—Lecture, "Dickens's Ghost Stories," by Mr. C. Blackwood.
29, 30, Jan. 4, 5—Teas and Entertainment to Poor Children.
Jan. 9—New Year's Party and Dance.
23—Reading Circle.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
20—Five-Minute Papers on "Some Minor Characters in Dickens."

BALHAM.
Dec. 9—"Music in Dickens," by Mr. W. J. Roffey.
Jan. 13—A "Swarry."
Feb. 10—"Childhood and Literature," by Mr. W. P. Woolliams and Miss M. Henderson.
18—Dramatic Social, arranged by Miss Jolly.

BLACKBURN.
Dec. 8—Lecture, "London and Dickens," by Mr. W. W. Gregson.
15—Annual Dinner.
Jan. 12—Debate.
Feb. 19—Birthday Celebration.

BLACKPOOL.
Dec. 1—Lecture, "Dickens and North Yorkshire," by Mr. W. W. Gregson.
15—Five-minute-papers on Dickens's Characters.
Jan. 2—New Year's Party.
12—Debate between Mr. Barnfather and Miss Irving.
26—Lecture, "Dickens and his publishers," by Mr. F. R. Dean.
Feb. 3—Birthday Dinner.
16—Three short papers by members.

BRIGHTON.
Dec. 1—An evening with *A Christmas Carol.*
Jan. 5—A "Novelogue," by Mr. Cyril R. Woodley.
Feb. 2—Birthday Celebration, arranged by Miss Olive Welford.

BROMLEY.
Dec. 7—Annual Dinner.
Jan. 11—Annual Meeting, followed by Tableaux.
Feb. 15—Lecture, "Dickens's Medical Students," by Dr. F. B. Layton.

CHELTENHAM.
Dec. 2—Lecture, "The Child's View of Dickens," by Mr. S. J. Rust.
Jan. 6—Ladies' Evening.
27—Lecture, "Dickens and Parents," by Mr. M. A. Porter, M.A.
Feb. 4—Birthday Celebration.

CIRENCESTER.
Dec. 5—Dickens Impersonations by Mr. J. Cooper Sands.
Jan. 2—Recital of "A Christmas Carol," by Captain H. Roberts.
Feb. 6—Lecture, "Three of Dickens's Villains," by Mr. H. Tempest.

EASTBOURNE.
Dec. 6—Tableaux and Songs, arranged by Mr. C. F. Dunn.
13—Study Circle.
Jan. 3—Lecture on *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Mr. F. J. Hansor.
10, 24—Study Circle.
Feb. 7—Birthday Party.
14, 28—Study Circle.

EDMONTON.
Dec. 13—An evening with *The Battle of Life.*
Jan. 10—Lecture, "Unfamiliar elements of Dickens," by Mr. Nalty.
24—The Dickens Players.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
21—Talk by Mr. Haskell.

EDGWARE.
Dec. 13—Short Papers on "Christmas in Dickens's Works."
20—Dramatic Section.
Jan. 10—Lecture, "Tapley and Tapleyism," by Miss J. Capes.
17, 31—Dramatic Section.
Feb. 7—Birthday Party.
14, 28—Dramatic Section.

EDINBURGH.

Dec. 1—Lecture, " Dickens's Blending of Nature and Humanity," by Mrs. N. Kaye.
15—" Musings without Method," by Mr. W. A. Adams Cairns.
16—Annual Dinner.
Jan. 12—Lecture, " Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott," by Mr. W. Forbes Gray.
26—Lecture, " The Pickwickian Pilgrimages," by Mrs. Pearson Callum.
Feb. 7—Birthday Celebration.
23—Lecture, " The Pessimistic Optimist," by Miss M. Morison.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.

Dec. 14—Lecture, " Is the reading of novels worth while," by Mr. H. V. Carrington.
Jan. 9—Lecture, " Dickens and Present-day Problems," by Mr. F. C. Watkins.
Feb. 8—Dramatic scenes and sketches by Miss Jolly and her company.

HATFIELD.

Dec. 13—Christmas Party.
Jan. 3—Lecture, " That Child—Charles Dickens," by Mr. S. J. Rust.
Feb. 14—Programme arranged by Rev. Pratt.

HULL.

Dec. 2—Play Readings, arranged by Miss C. Byers.
16—Lecture, " Music, with Illustrations," Rev. A. Bodycombe.
22—" Lonely Folks Party."
Jan. 6—Pickwickian Revels.
20—Lecture, " My Work as a Novelist," Miss Margaret Brash.
Feb. 4—The Birthday Dinner.
17—Plays, arranged by Messrs. Page and Kellington.

LONDON.

Dec. 16—Christmas Party at Caxton Hall.
Jan. 16—Lecture, " The Poetry in Dickens," by Mr. Alfred Noyes. Chairman, Mr. G. B. Burgin.
Feb. 6—Birthday Dinner. Mr. Hugh Walpole will propose The Immortal Memory.
10—Debate between Mr. Shaw Desmond and Mr. J. H. McNulty. Chairman, Mr. T. W. Hill.

LIVERPOOL.

Dec. 14—Christmas Party.
Jan. 11—Lecture on *Edwin Drood* by Mr. Percy Carden.
25—Lecture, " The Romance of a Raindrop," by Mr. A. S. Mason.
Feb. 8—Lecture, " Interpretation of Poetry," by Mr. Stephen Jack.
11—Birthday Dance.
22—Lecture, " Shelley," by Mr. W. P. Dickens.

NOTTINGHAM.

Dec. 1—Lecture, "The Drama of Chesney Wold," by Mr. J. Cooper Sands.
8, 15—Readings from *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
Jan. 7—Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Frank S. Johnson.
16, 26—Readings from *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
Feb. 8—Birthday Party to Crippled Children.
16, 28—Readings from *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

MANCHESTER.

Dec. 9—Miscellany. Short Papers, Impressions, etc.
Jan. 6—Recitals from Dickens by the Manchester Association of Elocutionists.
20—New Year's Party.
Feb. 8-11—Dramatic Performances in aid of " The Council for Cripples."

PLYMOUTH.

Dec. 3—Mr. W. G. Hitt and the Dickensian Players at the City Library.
13—Evening arranged by the Young Dickensians.
Jan. 4—Tiny Tims' Tea and Entertainment at the Guildhall.
10—*The Cricket on the Hearth*, by the Shakespeare Society.
11—Christmas Party.
24—Evening arranged by Rev. G. L. Edwards and Mr. W. G. Hitt.
Feb. 7—Dramatic and Musical Evening, arranged by Mrs. L. Annear.
21—Dramatic and Musical Evening, arranged by Miss V. Cocks.

REDDITCH.

Jan. 4—Readings from *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
Feb. 1—Visit from the Birmingham Branch.

ST. PANCRAS.

Dec. 12—Short Sketches on *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
Jan. 17—Papers on " Dickens in America."
27—New Year's Party.
Feb. 14—" Some Chuzzlewit Courtships."
15—Whist Drive in aid of the Dickens House.

SHEFFIELD.
Dec. 16—Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Rev. J. Howen Rodda.
Jan. 13—Evening arranged by the gentlemen of the Council.
Feb. 3—Lecture Recital by Mrs. Bagnall.
4—Birthday Dinner.
18—Tiny Tims' Annual Treat.

SOUTHAMPTON.
Dec. 8—Resumé of Chapters 1-16 of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, arranged by Mr. R. H. Plascott.
Jan. 12—Resumé of Chapters 17-36 of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, arranged by Mr. E. Beal.
Feb. 9—Birthday Party.

SOUTHEND.
Dec. 3—(Afternoon), Children's Christmas Party. (Evening), Fancy Dress Dance and Party.
14—Dramatic Performance, Cliff Town Literary Society.
Jan. 20—Annual Dinner and Dance.
Feb. 7—Dramatic Performance, Crowstone Literary Society.
25—Dance.

TORONTO.
Dec. 8—Scenes from *A Christmas Carol*, arranged by Mr. W. Purvis Wood, and an address by Mr. Joseph Tupper.
Jan. 12—Scenes from *Barnaby Rudge*, arranged by Mr. R. Card, and an address by Mr. Whitfield Aston.
Feb. 9—Birthday Party, arranged by Mrs. Rostance.
20-25—Annual Play, *A Tale of Two Cities*, at the Margaret Eaton Theatre.

WELLINGBOROUGH.
Dec. 3—Lecture, "Pecksniff," by Mr. J. H. Newman.
17—Five-Minute Readings, Humorous.
31—New Year's Eve Party.
Jan. 14—Visit from the Bedford Branch.
21—Lecture, "In Defence of Mrs. Nickleby," by Miss Mary L. Pendered.
Feb. 4—Lecture, "Jonas Chuzzlewit," by Mr. C. E. Groome.
18—Lecture, "The Landladies of Dickens," by Miss R. Young.

WOODVILLE.
Dec. 8—Lecture, "The Courtships of Chuzzlewit," by Major C. Ames, M.C., B.Sc.
Jan. 5—Tiny Tims' Treat at Town Hall, Swadlincote.
13—Lecture by Mr. H. T. Forman, J.P.
27—Play Reading.
Feb. 6—Birthday Dinner.
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